

Together

Our Right to Be Wrong

In color: **The Life of Christ**

Do War Toys Hurt Children?

The Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families December 1957



Together

Established in 1826 as *CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE*

The Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families



"Is thy heart right, as my heart is with thine? . . . Dost thou love and serve God? It is enough. I give thee the right hand of fellowship."

John Wesley (1703-1791)

DECEMBER 15, 1957

Vol. 1, No. 15

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In America, this Christmas season as always, crèches will range in size up to the elaborate commercial exhibits that each year attract thousands of onlookers. But where can the birth of the Christ child come more alive than in the crèche assembled by the loving hands of children? Paulus Leaser took this winsome picture.



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"Annunciation to Ascension" by Anthony Swami, from a notable exhibit of Christian art by artists of India. (See pages 35-42.)

One Solitary Life

HERE IS a young man who was born in an obscure village, the child of a peasant woman. He grew up in another village. He worked in a carpenter shop until he was 30, and then for three years he was an itinerant preacher. He never wrote a book. He never held an office. He never owned a home. He never had a family. He never went to college. He never put his foot inside a big city. He never traveled 200 miles from the place where he was born. He never did one of the things that usually accompany greatness. He had no credentials but himself.

While he was still a young man, the tide of public opinion turned against him. His friends ran away. He was turned over to his enemies. He went through the mockery of a trial. He was nailed to a cross between two thieves. While he was dying, his executioners gambled for the only piece of property he had on earth, and that was his coat. When he was dead, he was laid in a borrowed grave through the pity of a friend.

Nineteen wide centuries have come and gone, and today he is the central figure of the human race and the leader of the column of progress.

I am far within the mark when I say that all the armies that ever marched, and all the navies that were ever built, and all the parliaments that ever sat, and all the kings that ever reigned, put together, have not affected the life of man upon his earth as has that One Solitary Life.

The author of this widely quoted tribute—a masterpiece of Christian insight—has never been identified.—Eds.



Have You a Black-eyed Angel?

THERE'S USUALLY one in every home—or just down the street. Choirboy, cookie pilferer, or hot rodder, he's lively, he's photogenic! Why not train your lens on him?

TOGETHER invites you to help create a new eight-page color pictorial feature on *The Christian Family: at work, play, love, and worship*. (Remember that magnificent pictorial you reader-photographers did on *America the Beautiful* in the August issue?)

Work and play, love and worship challenge your imagination, ingenuity, and ability...take dramatic shots centering around the Christian family. Maybe you already have such pictures in your photo files.

We'll be glad to consider any color transparency you submit. Send entries to: Photo Editor, TOGETHER, 740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill. *These must arrive at this address by 5 P.M., January 15, 1958.*

Be sure to wrap your pictures carefully. And mark each one clearly with your full name and address. Please enclose return postage so your pictures can be sent back after the judging. If you want them insured on the return trip, please enclose the money for this.

We will take every reasonable precaution with your pictures, but TOGETHER cannot be responsible for glass-mounted slides. So please do not send them—or the orange-colored negatives from which Kodacolor prints are made.

Submit as many transparencies as you like—TOGETHER will pay you \$25 for each 35 mm slide published; \$35 for larger sizes.

There's the challenge, photo fans. We expect your lensmanship to produce a superb tribute to the Christian family!—EDITORS



Selected Bits from Your Letters

'Ideas Don't Go to Jail'

MRS. MARJORIE PARKER
Santa Cruz, Calif.

It's refreshing to have a man stand by his convictions—and I'm referring to Bishop Kennedy's *Browsing in Fiction* [September, page 57]. TOGETHER is an excellent magazine and his frank, honest reviews add much to it. He should keep on reviewing publications you and he deem worthy.

I don't know where I found this bit, but I think it timely in this connection: "Books won't stay banned. They won't burn. Ideas won't go to jail. In the long run of history, the censor and the inquisitor have always lost. The only sure weapon against bad ideas is better ideas. The source of better ideas is wisdom. The surest path to wisdom is a liberal education."

Wooden Spoon Needed?

TALMAGE MALLORY, pastor
Saint Andrew Methodist Church
Saint Albans, W. Va.

Juanita Keith has written a most stimulating article, *My Children Are Making Me Over!* [October, page 31]. Someone probably itches to do for her brash, impolite, pushy brood what their mother ought to do for them.

There is a happy medium where children should be consulted on those matters they are competent to deal with. I am not persuaded that a daughter who "pops" into rooms without knocking and criticizes her mother's dress has arrived at the point where she should be consulted about anything other than the manners of a young lady.

The wooden spoon has been too long lost by Mrs. Keith. Children need, expect, and gratefully receive (deep in their inmost soul) the guidance of those who have the responsibility of "taking a hand" gently, kindly if possible, but firmly.

God Works Through Doctors

MRS. DONOVAN SCHNEIDER
Garden Grove, Calif.

In answer to Mrs. Finley's note [October, page 4] about *Babies Have the Right to Live* [August, page 23], I'd like to explain how I think the author feels. I think he means that some parents depend on prayer entirely and will not have a doctor. I think he

Is TV a Monster?

We've been hearing that complaint from parents. They're concerned about the "lost" hours, the effect on children, the deluge of crime movies.

What do you do about TV? Regulate the hours? Do you manage to enjoy TV and live with it, too? We want to share your experiences with TOGETHER readers. Won't you write us, telling us how you manage TV in your home? Address, TV Editor, TOGETHER, 740 N. Rush St., Chicago, Ill.

feels that God works through the doctors, so we should have a doctor and pray that God will work through him. . . .

Author Didn't Say That!

MRS. MIRIAM PEIRCE
Sligo, Pa.

I was disturbed by the letter from Mrs. Finley who was upset over *Babies Have the Right to Live*. I had agreed with the article when I read it, and when Mrs. Finley said it implied we were not to turn to God for help during a child's illness, I was astonished. She further stated that the article also led one to believe we could not ask God's help until after medical aid had done all it could—never before. I didn't get that meaning.

A minister once prayed, "Do for us the things we cannot do for ourselves." How true! God does that, too. We can "do for ourselves" by using his means of healing medicine!

So Little Influence

CECIL OWENS
Hagerstown, Ind.

Re: Fred Zepp's article, *The Drinks Are on You* [October, page 50]. This is an interesting, informative article.

What are we going to do about the problem? This has been a puzzle to me for many years. With the immense number of church members in this country, why do we have so little influence on this liquor problem?

I had a sheriff tell me that one "so-called bad man" with a selfish interest was more effective in a political cam-

paign than 100 "so-called good people" standing for a moral issue.

Is that why we are so ineffective in handling this liquor evil? So many good people just plainly good for nothing?

'I Commend You'

J. E. LANSDOWNE
Oxford, Kan.

I read with satisfaction *The Drinks Are on You*. As one who took the time to write my dissatisfied sentiments when you went astray of the purpose of a church publication, I now commend you.

You Can't Sing It? Whistle!

MRS. MARTIN L. KEPLINGER
Carlinville, Ill.

Keep *The Star-Spangled Banner* forever our national anthem. It was born in a crisis—as were the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution . . .

Whistle *The Star-Spangled Banner*—whistling breeds happiness.

National Anthem Is a Hymn

R. E. CURLEY
Clearfield, Pa.

Carl D. Soule [September, page 3] believes *America the Beautiful* should replace *The Star-Spangled Banner* as our national anthem and deplores the lack of religious quality in the latter. What about the last verse where the author mentions the "power" that has made and preserved us a nation; also, "And this be our motto, 'In God is our trust'"? If it were put to a vote, the great majority of Americans would, I feel very sure, want *The Star-Spangled Banner* retained as our national anthem. . . . The national anthem is definitely a hymn.

Comments on 'The Disciples'

Our first anniversary number [October] presented 12 studies of men selected by Sune Richards to depict Christ's disciples. Scores of readers have written about them . . . some asking if frangible reprints will be available through the Methodist Publishing House outlets. If so, announcements will be made later. Meanwhile, we share typical comments with you.—Eds.

IRA E. SHERMAN, pastor, Guantanamo, Oriente, Cuba.—The set of *The Twelve Disciples* is remarkable. I hope you will promptly publish them on separate sheets, with the comments, so that they can be framed.

MRS. MARTHA L. MCKERLEY, Chattanooga, Tenn.—I am particularly impressed with *The Twelve Disciples*. We

New Books For Gifts

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—for youth

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Here is the NEWEST illustrated book for young people from the author of *The 7 Teen Years*. It brings to the teen-ager a new examination of how he fits into Christian society. Entertaining yet practical, it tells how to live happily with the rest of the world during the teen years.

The 7 Teen Years

by Alberta Z. Brown

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—for laymen

The Layman Reads His Bible

by M. Jack Suggs

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First in a series of guides for Christian laymen, this book was written for those who want to understand the Bible and make its message an important part of their lives. Designed for laymen of all Protestant denominations.

The Layman Learns to Pray

by Lloyd V. Channels

\$1.50

Second in the layman series, this valuable book discusses man's need of prayer and understanding of prayer, where, how and when to pray. It is written for all Christians, but especially for those who are inexperienced in addressing themselves to God.

—devotionals

The Pilgrim

by Kenneth A. Kuntz

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This newest book of personal devotions contains 40 daily devotions based on the text, Luke 4:1-20, which includes the well-known temptation experience of Jesus. The central theme is that of a Christian pilgrim seeking his way through temptations of life.

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would like to frame the photographs.

ARTHUR D. JACKSON, *Athens, Mich.*—Should not have been printed back to back. Now we won't be able to frame all of them.

THOMAS IRVING BROWN, *Red Bank, N.J.*—A work of art.

MRS. W. W. BICKHAM, *Philadelphia, Pa.*—My Women's Bible Class was thrilled. All clamored for copies.

PENNEY HOLLAND, *Haddonfield, N.J.*—Very impressed.

JOHN B. HASKEW, JR., *Lafayette, Ala.*—A great achievement in the study of the New Testament.

MRS. H. H. HALL, *Eagle Lake, Fla.*—Would it be possible for me to receive copies? They are wonderful.

M. M. FROST, *Dallas, Tex.*—Will prove extremely interesting to my mother and her friends.

JOHN HOWARD HANGER, *Jacksonville, Fla.*—Magnificent.

MRS. CLAIRE BOTTS, *Portland, Ore.*—From an artistic as well as a spiritual point of view, outstanding.

MRS. ROBERT N. DUBOSE, *Columbia, S.C.*—We have been so impressed with the beautiful pictures that I would like to frame them.

W. L. KILPATRICK, *Gainesville, Fla.*—I plan to frame and display them in my home.

J. TROY HICKMAN, *Laredo, Tex.*—An all-time high.

MRS. DAVID REAMS, *Harrisonville, Pa.*—I wish to congratulate Sune Richards on her wonderful portrayal of the disciples. May God bless her in her future ministry.

Teen-agers . . . Wonderful

KENNETH HOLLER
Gorham, Kan.

Must we call them hoodlums? (See *How to Handle Halloween Hoodlums* [October, page 26].) Halloween pranks is easier to say, and haven't we all participated? Let's take it easier with the teen-agers. They are the most wonderful people in the world. Can't we be a little less eager to punish and make examples of teen-age folks?

IHS—Another Interpretation

FRANK L. PIZZUTO, *pastor*
Jamestown, N.Y.

I have been wanting to congratulate you for the magnificent work you have been doing recently in making TOGETHER so interesting and so informative.

Allow me, however, to disagree with Dr. Carl Michalson of Drew on his interpretation of the symbol, "IHS" [October, page 33].

Vergilius Ferm, in his *An Encyclopedia of Religion*, does say that IHS are the first three letters of the Greek word *Iesous*. He also calls erroneous the in-

terpretation *Jesus Hominum Salvator*, "Jesus Savior of Men." But I remember, in 1925, when I was in Rome, I saw the symbol many times. When I asked a learned monk in the Vatican what it meant, he quickly said, "*Jesus Hominum Salvator*." And when I said something about the fish and the Greek letters, he said, "There is no such 'S' in Greek."

While the truth may be somewhere in the middle, I accept with many others the Latin interpretation which is so very fitting, since the thought of a fish the symbol of pagan divinities is somewhat repugnant to me. "Jesus the Savior of men." How beautiful!

Welcome, Dr. Michalson!

HERBERT E. RICHARDS, *pastor*
Boise, Idaho

Congratulations on Dr. Carl Michalson's being chosen to carry on the great tradition of Dr. Rall. Michalson is a top mind and a brilliant personality, and should bring your readers a message for our generation.

Will Miss Dr. Rall

DR. LLOYD E. DAVIS
Baldwin Park, Calif.

Whenever I have received my *Christian Advocate* or TOGETHER, the sight of the cover in my mail has always made me think of two things: the columns of Dr. Franklin Rall and Roy L. Smith. I have always had an impulse to turn at once to see what interesting and helpful things these men might be saying.

Dr. Rall has done a splendid job and will be missed.

Recently Dr. Rall retired from his column duties and Dr. Carl Michalson of *Drew Theological Seminary* succeeded him.—Eds.

Was Aldersgate Moravian?

THOMAS MILLER
Retired Methodist Minister
Paradise, Calif.

Methodism Was Born in Song [September, page 25] says of John Wesley's conversion: he "had gone 'very unwillingly' to a Moravian prayer meeting in Aldersgate Street."

Was it really a Moravian prayer meeting?

Your question has put TOGETHER's research people in a tizzy! After consulting a dozen books, they come up with these facts: 1) On May 24, 1738, John Wesley "went very unwillingly to a society in Aldersgate Street," London, where his heart was "strangely warmed"—and Methodism began; 2)

the meeting was Wednesday; 3) Peter Boehler, a Moravian leader, had started a "religious society" on May 1 and had induced Wesley to join; 4) it met Wednesdays. That's circumstantial evidence that the Aldersgate Society was Moravian. But authorities disagree. Tyerman (Vol. 1, p. 195) calls it "the first Moravian Society"; Hurst (p. 306) refers to it as "one of the few remaining religious 'societies' connected with the Church of England." So take your choice, Brother Miller.—Eps.

'Christ Knew Laughter'

CLEVELAND B. HERR, JR.
Gretna, La.

To John F. Miller, who criticized Minnie Pearl's article *My Religion of Laughter* [August, page 9]:

Evidently you have not read the beatitudes of our Lord as mentioned in Luke 6, "Blessed are you that hunger now; for you shall be satisfied. Blessed are you that weep now; for you shall laugh." . . . "Woe to you that laugh now, for you shall mourn and weep."

I feel certain the Christ I believe in knew laughter; in fact, I'm not so certain he doesn't laugh at some of his children right now.

Tough—But We Like It

RAY W. SHERMAN
Geneseo, N.Y.

May one who has spent some years in publishing express his admiration of the job you are doing with *TOGETHER*?

There are two kinds of publishing. In one the editor gets out a magazine he likes and hopes he will attract an audience. In the other, the editor is given an audience and told to produce a magazine that will fit it.

The latter is the toughest of all jobs. You are doing that in *TOGETHER*. You are combining most interestingly the spiritual with the worth-while practicalities of everyday life, and competing in this "modernized" world with your art work and printing, and editorial content.

Wants 'International' Dirt

M. A. CARPENTER, Chaplain USN
Roosevelt Roads, Puerto Rico

We are building a beautiful new chapel at this naval station. We have a solid-mahogany altar completely across the chancel, with a glass panel behind the altar from floor to ceiling, revealing the tropical rain forest of El Yunque in the distance. Worked into the altar on either side are planters in which we will have small flowering plants.

It is our desire to have earth from the various countries of the world in these planters, so the altar can be

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"catholic" in nature. We would like to have contributions of earth from the Pacific islands, Asia, Africa, the Holy Land, Europe; in fact, as many locations as possible. A few tablespoons of earth in an envelope or small box from some of your international readers would be appreciated.

'A Horrible Mistake'

ARTHUR D. JACKSON, pastor
Athens, Mich.

A horrible mistake has been made in your October issue which is forgivable only because of the wonderfully dedicated job you do in this otherwise perfect magazine!

The colored photographs of the 12 disciples are of such excellent quality that they should not have been printed back to back. Now we won't be able to frame all of them.

Refreshing . . . Satisfying

BIRDIE SLOTHOWER BOLIE
Gordon, Neb.

TOGETHER has meant a great deal to us. We are 30 miles from church and do not make it during stormy or busy seasons. I find myself refreshed and satisfied after reading TOGETHER. Keep up the good work!

Salute From Grandma

MRS. W. C. WILLITS
Kansas City, Mo.

I am a grandmother, and a great-grandmother, 85 . . . a Methodist for 75 years, and have read *The Christian Advocate* for many years. Now our new magazine is just what we need.

How could anyone object to the appropriate cover for July?

We Vow to Print More

MRS. DALE LUTHER
Rugby, N.D.

Thank you for *Promises to Peter* [September, page 43]. I enjoyed it very much, and feel sure that if more fathers would make such vows and strive with God's help to keep them, we would have happier and better families. The story was well worth printing. Let's have more like it!

In Study—Water Colors

CULLEN B. JONES, minister
Toccoa, Ga.

Congratulations on the beautiful water colors on *The Wesleys in Georgia* [September, page 34]. They are exactly what I am looking for. I want them for my study.

Together / NEWSLETTER

WATCH AFRICA. "The so-called 'Dark' Continent now is where China was 25 years ago," Bishop Glenn R. Phillips, Denver, reports after a four months' tour. He warns: "As Africa goes, so goes the free world." Returning from a similar mission, Bishop Paul E. Martin, Little Rock, agreed, said that 200 million Africans will fill the coming years with explosive problems. The bishops feel that Communists, rising nationalism, and the spread of the Moslem faith are putting heavy pressure on Methodist missions. Mohammedanism, they say, appeals because it practices polygamy and racial equality. Nevertheless, the bishops add, the Church faces new missionary zeal and manifold opportunities among the hordes of "bush" people moving to big cities.

NOW MORE SPRING CONFERENCES. The trend toward more spring sessions continues. This year only six annual conferences met in late summer and fall. Four of these—North Alabama, Central Kansas, Kentucky, Tennessee, voted spring sessions for 1958. New Jersey and South Carolina will be the two remaining fall conferences.

NEW CHURCH-UNITY LIAISON GROUP. A new 36-member commission will shoulder the big load for Methodists in future interdenominational talks on doctrine and church organization. The idea originated with Bishop F. Gerald Ensley, Des Moines, Iowa, now has the Council of Bishops' backing. The group's title: Commission on Ecumenical Consultation.

DR. MARSHALL STEEL LEAVES PASTORATE. A leading Methodist minister, he will take over presidency of Hendrix College (enrollment 490), Methodist-related school at Conway, Ark., in February. He has served Highland Park Methodist Church, Dallas, since 1935. Dr. Matt L. Ellis, president since 1945, will become head of the college's department of philosophy.

METHODISTS GAIN STATUS IN LATIN AMERICA. Traditionally Roman Catholic Brazil has awarded its Order of the Southern Cross—second-highest decoration for foreigners—to a Methodist missionary. He is Dr. Walter Harvey Moore, educator, cited for his "far-reaching influence." Moore, who retired last year, is the second Methodist to receive the honor since 1880.

BUCKEYES RAISE \$4 MILLION. In just 14 months, aggressive Ohio Methodists reached the fund goal needed to launch a new theological school near Delaware. Thirteen radio stations carried a victory message from Bishop Hazen G. Werner on Thanksgiving Day. The tally: \$3.1 million in pledges, \$900,000 in cash. Already the cash is invested; income from it will pay off campaign expenses by March. Bishop Werner attributed success to laymen: "They feel the manpower shortage in the ministry is most pressing."

(For more church news see page 65)

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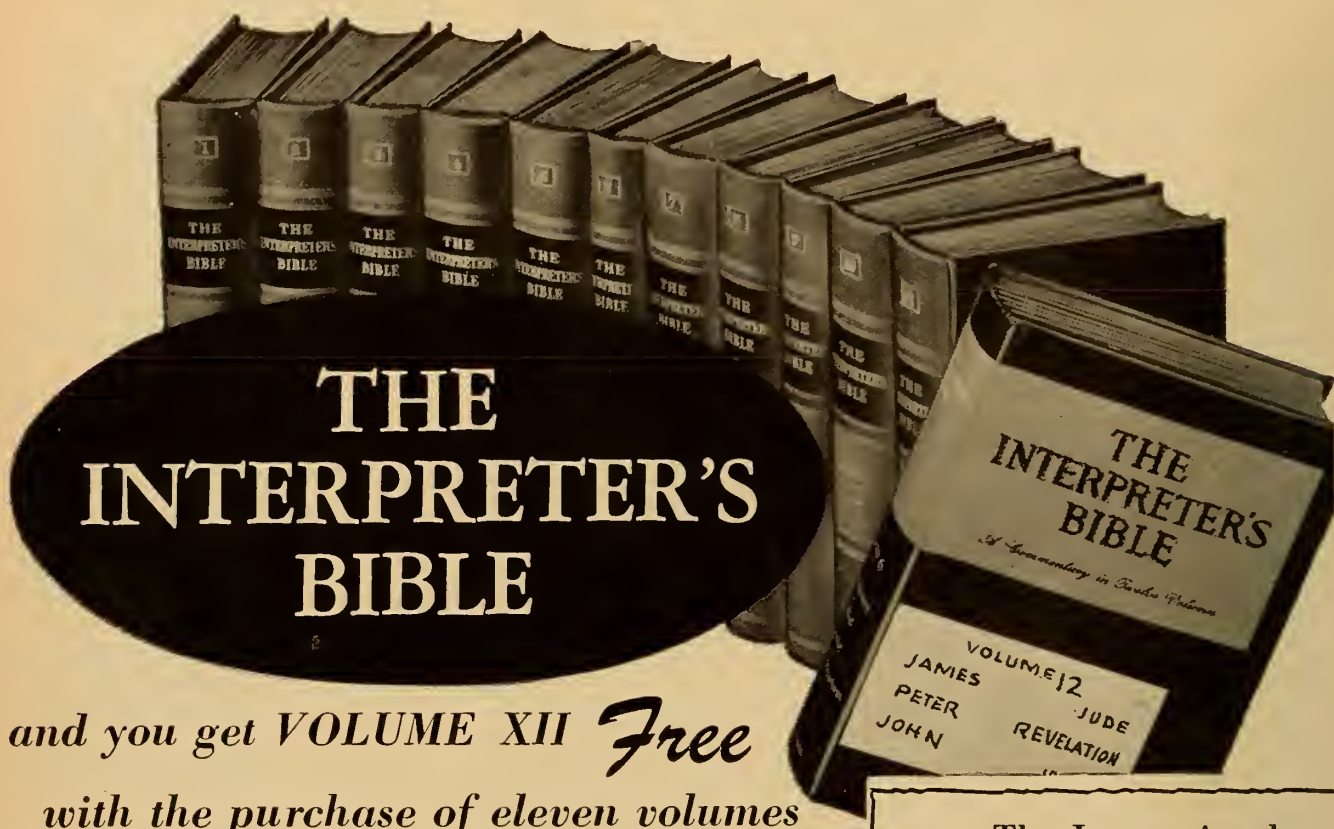
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When Men's Souls Are Tried

THIS CHRISTMAS SEASON finds us facing grave new trials in our nation's history. During an earlier crisis Thomas Paine wrote, "These are the times that try men's souls." The present racial tension is a time of spiritual testing. Regardless of the issue's pros and cons, certain responsibilities fall on every true Christian:

He will be a peacemaker. He will be careful to show good will and understanding toward those of other races with whom he is associated in daily living. He will not forget that they have feelings and problems as great as his own.

He will refrain from heated and irresponsible conversation. He will remember that words can hurt or heal, curse or bless. When he speaks, it will be in wisdom and in love.

He will refuse to lose his head and give way to the hysteria and hatred that often accompany social change.

He will pray for the mind of Christ in all things. He will face the situation honestly and study it intelligently, seeking to help the problem, not to worsen it. He will, in short, ask himself, "What would Christ do?"—and endeavor at all times to move and act in the spirit of the Prince of Peace.

Bevel Jones, Pastor
Audubon Forest Methodist Church
Atlanta, Ga.

*From the pen of a master storyteller,
a tender tale about an unforgettable trio:
a boy, his father, and a dream pony.*

A Miserable Merry Christmas

By LINCOLN STEFFENS

I REMEMBER very little of my primary school. I learned to read, write, spell, and count, and reading was all right. I had a practical use for books, which I searched for ideas and parts to play with, characters to be, lives to live.

The primary school was probably a good one, but I cannot remember learning anything except to read aloud "perfectly" from a teacher whom I adored and who was fond of me. She used to embrace me before the whole class and she favored me openly to the scandal of the other pupils, who called me "teacher's pet." Their scorn did not trouble me; I saw and I said that they envied me.

I paid for her favor, however. When she married I had queer, unhappy feelings of resentment; I didn't want to meet her husband, and when I had to I wouldn't speak to him. He laughed and she kissed me—happily for her, to me offensively. I never would see her again.

Through with her, I fell in love immediately with Miss Kay, another grown young woman who wore glasses and had a fine, clear skin. I did not know her, I only saw her in the street, but once I followed her, found out where she lived, and used to pass her house, hoping to see her, and yet choking with embarrassment if I did. This fascination lasted for years; it was still a sort of super-romance to me when later I was "going with" another nearer my own age.

What interested me in our new neighborhood was the stable which was built back of the house. My father let me direct the making of a stall, a little smaller than the other stalls, for my pony, and I prayed and hoped, and my sister Lou believed, that that meant that I would get the pony, perhaps for Christmas. I pointed out to her that there were three other stalls and no horses at all. This I said in order that she should answer it. She could not.

My father, sounded, said that someday we might have horses and a cow; meanwhile a stable added to the value of a house. "Someday" is a pain to a boy who lives in and knows only "now." My good little sisters, to comfort me, remarked that Christmas was coming, but Christmas was always coming and grownups were always talking about it, asking you what you wanted and then giving you what they wanted you to have. Though everybody knew what I wanted, I told them all again. My mother knew that I told God, too, every night. I wanted a pony, and to make sure that they understood I declared that I wanted nothing else.

"Nothing but a pony?" my father asked.

"Nothing," I said.

"Not even a pair of high boots?" That was hard. I did want boots, but I stuck to the pony. "No, not even boots."

"Nor candy? There ought to be

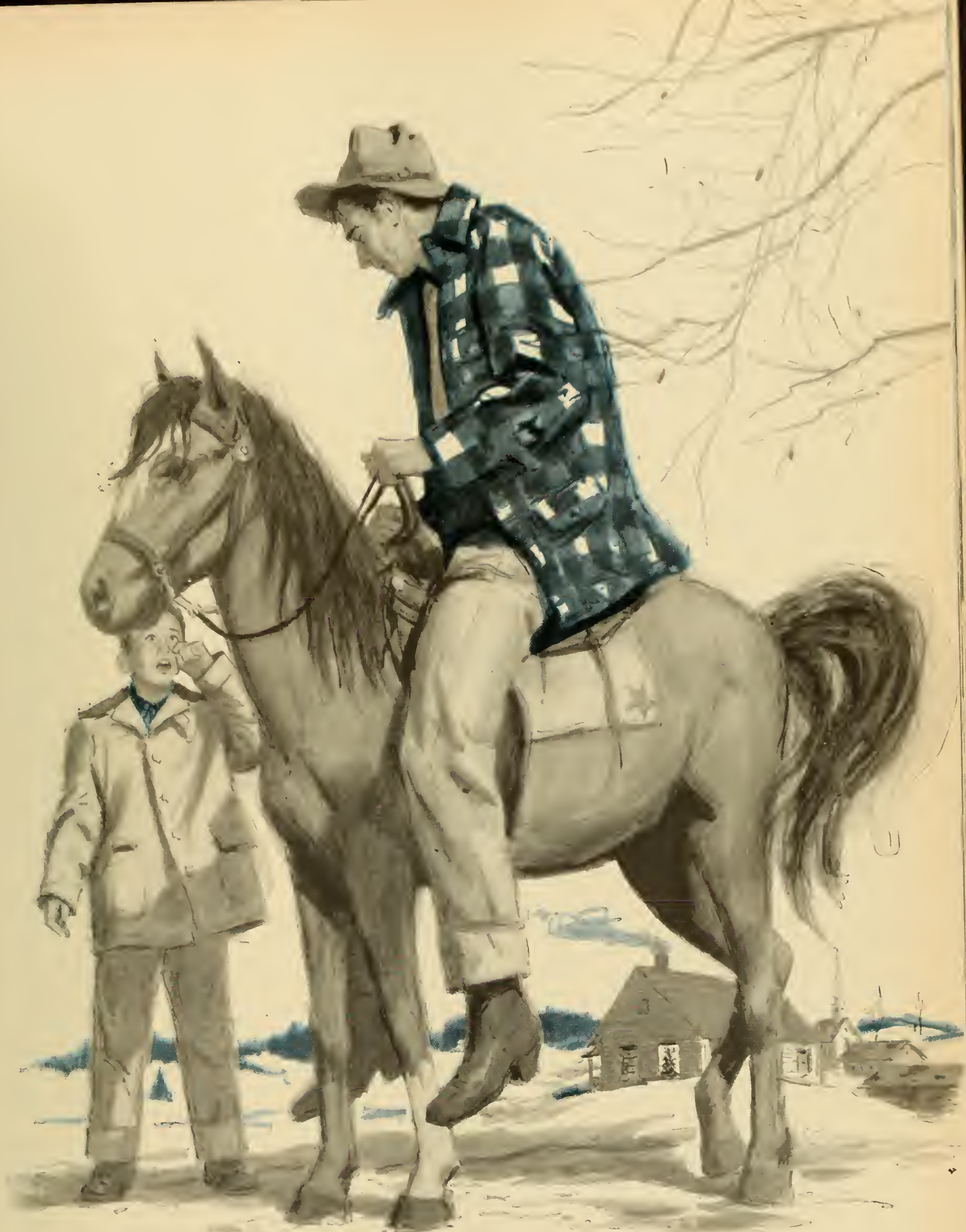
something to fill your stocking with, and Santa Claus can't put a pony down the chimney." But no. "All I want is a pony," I said. "If I can't have a pony, give me nothing."

Now I had been looking myself for the pony I wanted, going to sale stables, inquiring of horsemen, and I had seen several that would do. My father let me try them. I tried so many ponies that I was learning fast to sit on a horse. I chose several, but my father always found some fault with them. I was in despair. When Christmas was at hand I had given up all hope of a pony, and on Christmas Eve I hung up my stocking along with my sisters', of whom, by the way, I now had three.

I haven't mentioned them or their coming because, you understand, they were girls, and girls, young girls, counted for nothing in my manly life. They did not mind me either; they were so happy that Christmas Eve that I caught some of their merriment.

I speculated on what I'd get; I hung up the biggest stocking I had, and we all went reluctantly to bed to wait till morning. Not to sleep; not right away. We were told that we must not only sleep promptly, we must not wake up till 7:30 the next morning—or, if we did, we must not go to the fireplace for our Christmas.

We did sleep that night, but we woke up at 6 A.M. We lay in our



I looked up. It was the man on the pony, back again, at our horse block . . . "I've been looking all over for you," he said.

beds and debated through the open doors whether to obey till say, 6:30. Then we bolted, I don't know who started it, but there was a rush. We all disobeyed; we raced to disobey and get first to the fireplace in the front room downstairs. And there they were, the gifts, all sorts of wonderful things, mixed-up piles of presents; only, as I disentangled the mess, I saw that my stocking was empty; it hung limp, not a thing in it; and under and around it—nothing.

My sisters had knelt down, each by her pile of gifts; they were squealing with delight, till they looked up and saw me standing there in my nightgown with nothing. They left their piles to come to me and look with me at my empty place. Nothing. They felt my stocking; nothing.

I don't remember whether I cried at that moment, but my sisters did. They ran with me back to my bed, and there we all cried till I became indignant. That helped some. I got up, dressed, and, driving my sisters away, I went alone out into the yard, down to the stable, and there, all by myself, I wept.

My mother came out to me by and by; she found me in my pony stall, sobbing on the floor, and she tried to comfort me. But I heard my father outside; he had come part way with her, and she was having some sort of angry quarrel with him. She tried to comfort me; besought me to come to breakfast. I could not; I wanted no comfort and no breakfast. She left me and went on into the house with sharp words for my father.

I don't know what kind of a breakfast the family had. My sisters said it was "awful." They were ashamed to enjoy their own toys. I ran away from them. I went around to the front of the house, sat down on the steps, and, the crying over, I ached. I was wronged, I was hurt—I can feel now what I felt then, and I am sure that if one could see the wounds upon our hearts, there would be found still upon mine a scar from that terrible Christmas morning. And my father, the practical joker, he must have been hurt, too, a little. I saw him looking out of the window. He was watching me or something for an hour or two, drawing

back the curtain never so little lest I catch him, but I saw his face, and I think I can see now the anxiety upon it, the worried impatience.

After I don't know how long—surely an hour or two—I was brought to the climax of my agony by the sight of a man riding a pony down the street, a pony and a brand-new saddle; the most beautiful saddle I ever saw, and it was a boy's saddle; the man's feet were not in the stirrups; his legs were too long.

The outfit was perfect; it was the realization of all my dreams, the answer to all my prayers. A fine new bridle, with a light curb bit. And the pony! As he drew near I saw that the pony was really a small horse, what we called an Indian pony, a bay, with black mane and tail, and one white foot and a white star on his forehead. For such a

"Say, kid," it said, "do you know a boy named Lennie Steffens?"

I looked up. It was the man on the pony, back again, at our horse block.

"Yes," I sputtered through my tears. "That's me."

"Well," he said, "then this is your horse. I've been looking all over for you and your house. Why don't you put your number where it can be seen?"

"Get down," I said, running out to him.

He went on saying something about "ought to have got here at seven o'clock; told me to bring the nag here and tie him to your post and leave him for you. But I got into a drunk—and a fight—and a hospital."

"Get down," I said.

He got down, and he boosted me up to the saddle. He offered to fit the stirrups to me, but I didn't want him to. I wanted to ride.

"What's the matter with you?" he said angrily. "What you crying for? Don't you like the horse? He's a dandy, this horse. I know him of old. He's fine at cattle; he'll drive 'em alone."

I hardly heard, I could scarcely wait, but he persisted. He adjusted the stirrups, and then, finally, off I rode, slowly, at a walk, so happy, so thrilled, that I did not know what I was doing.

I did not look back at the house or the man. I rode off up the street, taking note of everything—of the reins, of the pony's long mane, of the carved leather saddle. I had never seen anything so beautiful. And mine! I was going to ride up past my teacher's house. But I noticed on the horn of the saddle some stains like raindrops, so I turned and trotted home, not to the house but to the stable. There was the family, father, mother, sisters, all working for me, all happy. They had been putting in place the tools of my new business: blankets, curry-comb, brush, pitchfork—everything. And there was hay in the loft.

"What did you come back so soon for?" somebody asked. "Why didn't you go on riding?"

I pointed to the stains. "I wasn't going to get my new saddle rained on," I said. And my father laughed. "It isn't raining," he said. "Those

READER'S CHOICE



This memorable story is selected from *The Autobiography of Lincoln Steffens*—one of the great crusading American reporters of the

turn of the century—and is used by permission of Horcourt, Broce and Company, Inc., (Copyright 1931). The Christmas story was suggested by R. J. Longstreet, Delond, Flo.

TOGETHER invites you to suggest your Reader's Choice—an article or short story you have read and which you'd like others to share. If your nomination is used, and you are first to propose the selection, we'll send you a \$25 check.—EDS.

horse as that I would have given, I could have forgiven, anything.

But the man, a disheveled fellow with a blackened eye and a fresh-cut face, came along, reading the numbers on the houses, and, as my hopes—my impossible hopes—rose, he looked at our door and passed by, he and the pony, and the saddle and the bridle. Too much. I fell upon the steps, and having wept before, I broke now into such a flood of tears that I was a floating wreck when I heard a voice calling brusquely to me.

are not raindrops you see there."

"They are tears," my mother gasped and she gave my father a look which sent him off to the house. Worse still, my mother offered to wipe away the tears still running out of my eyes. I gave her such a look as she had given him, and she went off after my father, drying her own tears.

My sisters remained and we all unsaddled the pony, put on his halter, led him to his stall, tied and fed him. It began really to rain; so all the rest of that memorable day we curried and combed the pony. The girls plaited his mane, forelock, and tail, while I pitchforked hay to him and curried and brushed, curried and brushed.

For a change we brought him out to drink; we led him up and down, blanketed like a racehorse; we took turns at that. But the best, the most inexhaustible fun, was to clean him. When we went reluctantly to our midday Christmas dinner, we all smelled of horse, and my sisters had to wash their faces and hands. I was asked to, but I wouldn't till my mother bade me look in the mirror. Then I washed up—quick.

My face was caked with the muddy lines of tears that had coursed over my cheeks to my mouth. Having washed away that shame, I ate my dinner, and as I ate I grew hungrier and hungrier. It was my first meal that day, and as I filled up on the turkey and the stuffing, the cranberries and the pies, the fruit and the nuts—as I swelled, I could laugh. My mother said I still choked and sobbed now and then, but I laughed, too; I saw and enjoyed my sisters' presents—till I had to go out and attend to my pony, who was there, really and truly there, the promise, the beginning, of a happy double life. And—I went and looked to make sure—there was the saddle, too, and the bridle.

But that Christmas, which my father had planned so carefully, was it the best or the worst I ever knew? He often asked me that; I never could answer as a boy. I think now that it was both. It covered the whole distance from brokenhearted misery to bursting happiness—too fast. A grownup could hardly have stood it.



A SONG IN THE AIR

By Wanda Gilmore Leigh

'T WAS THE NIGHT before Christmas and to many of the passengers aboard the impressive four-engine silver ship it was just another flight—a flight that would take them quickly to their firesides and loved ones.

As flight stewardess, I was determined to make this the merriest and happiest of all trips and had gone aboard laden with a tiny artificial tree, tinsel, and red ribbon. It was a heart-warming task greeting my passengers at the door and welcoming them aboard. The Christmas spirit was quite obvious—it was wreathed in the smiles of the happy faces, it was caught in the gaily adorned packages that nearly everyone boasted.

Among the passengers were 15 soldiers, so very young, who excitedly told us of their best present from Santa—discharge papers. It was hard for them to sit still and they roamed throughout the ship.

As I served dinner, I nostalgically reminisced of other Christmas Eves and felt a slight twinge of sadness that this year there would be none of the traditional caroling. Suddenly I could see no reason why the entire ship shouldn't "go caroling"!

My suggestion was met with much enthusiasm, and that is how it happened that as the mighty airliner zoomed through starry winter skies the air was filled with song. Those seated in front led us into *Silent Night* and as I walked back and forth down the long aisle, I was thrilled with the harmony of 56 voices. Many of the carols were sung over and over again.

Suddenly in a silent interval a beautiful tenor voice began to sing Schubert's *Ave Maria*. It was one of the soldiers. Moonlight flooded the darkened ship, outlining clearly the faces of those listening in appreciation. As he sang, it seemed that the engines were steadily humming an accompaniment, and there was a strange feeling of unreality and holiness in the atmosphere. When the last note of *Ave Maria* had died, he paused only a moment before he sang *The Lord's Prayer*.

Caroling was over; now the warmth of close association pervaded the ship. Our Christmas Eve flight was nearing its end—we were approaching our destination, and as the plane settled down on the runway, I felt an inner glow of satisfaction and thankfulness that comes from the pure love of flight and the realization that there is nothing more gratifying than working among people and bringing them together in unforgettable relationship.

Leaders in the Making

DOCTORS, nurses, teachers, missionaries, social workers . . . since 1944 the Methodist-sponsored program, Crusade Scholars, has trained nearly 1,000 exceptional young people from outside the United States.

They flock to our American colleges and universities from all parts of the world. They study here, learn our ways, and help us to better understanding, too. Then they return home to serve their people. In a divided world, Crusade Scholars fight want, ignorance, and oppression and represent one of the finest things the church is doing. Now meet five typical Methodist Crusade Scholars on these pages.



Youth worker in Sweden: The Rev. Bengt Renblad (examining film) is a Crusade Scholar at Boston University. After completing three semesters he will go back to his native Sweden to take up youth work. He became a Methodist as a boy, was a local preacher at 17. He was graduated from Scandinavian Methodist Union (a theological school) in 1929, traveled about his country as a youth director, was ordained in 1934. But early in his ministry he saw the need for using new tools, such as audio-visual aids, in his church work. So at Boston he is brushing up on how to make youth programs more interesting by use of films, well-planned TV and radio.

Preachers' Teacher in Korea: Kee Chul Nam returns to Korea to teach in a ministerial training school. He holds masters' degrees from Scarritt College and Emory University's Candler School of Theology. Crusade Scholarship grants provide worthy students with funds for travel, living costs, textbooks and small personal expenses—all made possible by Week of Dedication offerings from churchgoing Methodists in America. Like many another scholar, Kee Chul Nam believes, "The richest experience I had in America was the fellowship with Christians who took me in as one of their own."



Alaskan With World View: Vivacious, 18-year-old Sara Peck Seward is a freshman at College of Puget Sound, Tacoma, Wash., majoring in international relations. She moved to Alaska as a young girl, was active in MYF work, served as church secretary at Seward's Memorial Methodist Church. Like the other Crusade Scholars with a B-plus average, Sara was a top student in high school.

Pride of the Philippines: Mrs. Esperanza M. del Rosario enrolled with her minister-husband, Philip, at Perkins School of Theology, Southern Methodist University. She expects to devote most of her energies to being a minister's wife: "In the Philippines the minister's wife may teach Sunday school, direct the choir, preach and do a lot of visitation work."



Health and Hope for India: Dr. Sharamma Samuel (below) regularly burns the midnight oil at Methodist Hospital in Philadelphia. Before coming to the U.S. in 1954 to study advanced obstetrics and gynecology, she was a physician at Methodist Hospital in Kolar, South India. Born in a Christian home, Dr. Samuel works for the day when superstitious midwives no longer warn against childbirth in hospitals.



*Speak up! Our freedom
is many things, including—*

Our Right to Be Wrong

By Gerald H. Kennedy, Bishop, the Los Angeles Area

AT A CONFERENCE of the League of Nations after World War I, Ignace Paderewski of Poland and Georges Clemenceau of France met for the first time.

"You are the great pianist?" asked Clemenceau. Paderewski bowed.

Clemenceau continued: "And now you are the premier of Poland?" Again Paderewski bowed.

"My, my," said Clemenceau with a deep sigh. "What a comedown."

Most of us have the same feeling when we find ourselves entangled in political controversy. We would much rather stay quietly at home. But it is inescapable that as citizens of a free nation we dare not take a furlough from the ever-continuing battle to keep our freedom.

Freedom means many things—but, above all else, it means freedom to think. And it is not a coincidence that democracy flourishes where there is a variety of religious institutions. And where there is freedom of religion we shall have different sects and churches.

Let us face that fact frankly. Though churches can and should work together at all levels, let us recognize the virtue in the inevitable. For there is advantage in having different religious traditions and in receiving the stimulation that comes from other fellowships.

Distrust of variety encourages the idea that conformity is the ultimate goal of a society. Why should we be suspicious of a nonconformist—of any man who marches to his own music? Why do we worship the norm? Why do we turn our educa-

tional system into a propaganda factory for a way of life which glorifies the mediocre?

I understand it has been determined that the average size of an American soldier's shoe is 9½. The spirit of conformism would assume that the answer to the problem of providing footwear for the army is to make every shoe size 9½.

This may be too small for some and too large for others. But the conformist would demand that every man fit his feet to the standard size or suffer the consequences!

I am one of those individuals who still believes that men wear different shoes and have different ideas. And I believe this is not something to fear—rather, a matter for rejoicing.

Unfortunately, many in our time crave uniformity of mind and spirit. Orthodoxy is being set up as a new idol in the temples of a nation that has never known this idolatry before. The assumption is that the law has finally been established and that there is to be nothing added to it and no experimentation allowed. If we unthinkingly follow self-appointed champions of national orthodoxy, I believe we turn deaf ears to men who still have the pioneering spirit.

Today many good men fear the new. Instead of daring to commit themselves on controversial issues, they hold back to see what others think and do. Our fathers were "worthy to raise issues," but today many men act as if disaster would strike were a vital question raised in their communities, as if, when controversy does raise its head, those en-

gaged are apt to be smeared as dangerous, unpatriotic citizens. If this spirit expands, the period of the great debates in American life will be over.

Along with this tendency goes a lust for unity on too low a level. We talk about a unity of tolerance, but often mean nothing more than refusal to take sides. This is a betrayal of all that has made America great. We are lured into the trap of tolerating what we ought to hate—of hoping that some "miracle" may change an intolerable situation without sacrifice or risk. It is easy to let things drift.

The unity we accept is too often the unity of silence. The tendency is to acquiesce rather than to speak a word which might stir things up. But it was said of Jesus that "he stirs up the people" and this same thing has been said of every prophet.

My heart is lifted high, now and again, when some man whom I least suspect of courage suddenly says by word or deed: "This is wrong and I shall no longer accept it without vigorous protest." To protest against evil and to pro-testify for good is the spirit of Protestantism!

Always to be resisted is the unity based on injustice. This is what the

FREEDOM OF WORSHIP

Painting by Norman Rockwell.
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EACH ACCORDING TO THE DICTATES
OF HIS OWN CONSCIENCE

NORMAN ROCKWELL



Little Lessons in Spiritual Efficiency

By Roy L. Smith

The star went before them.

They Returned Another Way

IN THE STORY of the birth of Jesus as related in Matthew, there is an interesting comment which at first appears no more than a side remark. Having reported the visit and the adoration of the Wise Men at the Bethlehem manger, the author tells us that "they departed to their own country by another way."

The identity of the Wise Men has long been a mystery, subject of much debate among scholars. Despite extensive research, authorities have never reached complete agreement concerning them. And, for that matter, no great issue hangs upon their identification. It is sufficient that they move through the scene shrouded in uncertainty.

In one respect, however, they are well understood. Having seen the child, wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger, *they went home another way!*

Of course they would! Even though their comprehension of the event may have been blurred, they could never be quite the same after having seen the miracle child. It would be interesting to know what they told their friends about their experience, but we will never know. What effect their meeting with the Christ child may have had on their lives we cannot estimate. Because they were warned against Herod they took another route home, but because of what they had seen, they truly went home another way.

It is one of the authentications of our Christian faith that those who really catch a glimpse of the profound significance of Christmas are never the same. As some sage has expressed it: "The gospel of Jesus Christ is much more than good

advice; it is good news." It is the proclamation to all the world that at last the puzzle of God had been solved. He is like Jesus Christ!

There came a moment in history when it seemed necessary to the Creator to reveal himself in the plainest terms. Philosophers had created theories and concepts in an effort to explain the mysteries of life. But because their reasonings were varied and their systems complicated, only the learned could comprehend them. If the race were ever to come to a working faith, the revelation must be made so basic that the simplest would be able to understand.

For that reason, God came to earth to live among men for a lifetime—and he began as a baby!

Let the wise, the sophisticated, and the scientific catch a glimpse of that amazing fact and they will never walk through the experiences of life the same way again.

The wonder of it is that there is at least something in the Christmas story that even the simplest can understand. There is something eternal in the story which is within the reach of a child's mind. There is also a mystery about it which challenges the most scholarly.

The sight of God taking upon himself the form of a helpless babe and submitting himself to the care of a human family is one of the most thrilling revelations of the Divine that could be devised.

He who stands on the edge of Christmas, and then goes on as he was before, has not seen the Christ child. He who really sees the Babe of Bethlehem is certain to go on another way!

dictator achieves when he frightens people so they say nothing about what they know to be wrong.

Yet the universe, being moral, will not sustain such a system for long. Its days are always numbered because it has been conceived in sin and born in iniquity.

A unity based on anti-Communism should be examined with care. Communism arouses contempt in the hearts of free people, and creates a greater love for democracy. But men have to be *for* something and not only *against* something, if they are to find real unity.

The only proper basis of unity is in God, for unity is essentially a spiritual matter. We are together when we understand our common heritage and our common destiny. We have unity when we believe that all men are brothers, when we understand that all have a common Father.

When we accept our unity in God we accept a common respect for truth. Like Pilate we are constantly asking the question, "What is truth?" Our search for truth is life's most serious quest and it can be pursued only by men who are free to think. We must have what Francois de Fénelon, Archbishop of Cambrai, called "the right to be wrong in matters of religious belief."

When our unity is in God we have faith in freedom. We believe that his ultimate purpose is to create free persons and great personalities. We put our emphasis on human rights and whenever we are at our best, we would deny those rights to no man. Although we do not always phrase it in exactly these words, this is the foundation of our American freedom. It has affected every group as well as every person who has come to this country.

The oldest marked grave in the Plymouth cemetery has an obelisk with this inscription: "Under this stone rest the ashes of William Bradford, a zealous Puritan and sincere Christian governor of Plymouth colony from April 1621 to 1657. What our fathers with so much difficulty secured, do not basely relinquish."

This unity which is ours was not easy to gain nor is it easy to maintain. One of our greatest difficulties is to remember that our freedom and our unity are in God.

Helping Ex-Catholics Feel at Home

How can you help converts draw the most from Methodism?

Here's how one church is meeting this important problem.

By Hartwell Daley

NOT LONG AGO, a former Roman Catholic who had recently joined our church met me in the street.

"You know," he burst out, "I've just had a wonderful experience—something that never happened to me before. I had to work Sunday and I missed church. Monday five members told me they missed me. Just think of it—I was missed!"

A warm pastoral "thank you" to those five laymen! They did what seems to come naturally to Methodists—but it has significance for Methodists everywhere. Let me explain.

Ours is a medium-sized church, with membership of hardly 1,000. But each year it is selected by an average of some 20 persons who, though reared in the Catholic tradition, prefer it as their church home. What happens in Waterville, Me., is going on quietly over the country. For reasons good to them, thousands of former Catholics are becoming Protestants—and it seems



that we Methodists receive more than our statistical share.*

Are they really happy with us? Are we making them feel at home—especially during this sacred season? Are we satisfying the deep longing of their souls?

Such questions come to me as a pastor—and I share them with Methodists everywhere. Don't let a shallow pride in these converts blind us to the fact that their presence imposes upon us a responsibility.

Put yourself in the mood of a Catholic convert. You would feel uneasy, too, leaving what you have been taught to think of as the "mother church." You would have heard disturbing reports about the inadequacy of Protestant beliefs to save souls.

One elemental thing we Methodists can do is just what those five laymen did. We can make our ex-Catholic newcomers feel at home—make them know that we value their fellowship.

Remember that people are basically happy if they have friends. This implies more than a casual greeting. It calls for taking these new members in, visiting with them, showing them a whole new area of Christian fellowship.

At Waterville, our chairman of the Commission on Membership and Evangelism and his wife have started a series of Saturday-night dinners for new members and contacts—always including some former Catholics. These quiet, informal affairs provide an amazing sense of "belonging."

We help our new people "belong" in other ways, too. For instance, lay people attend church with potential converts. As they do, they bear in mind the fact that the convert is looking for something familiar. We all cling to the things to which we have become accustomed. That is one of the things we must never forget

in first welcoming our Catholic friends. Stress our *similarity* of faith, not our differences!

One of our laymen reassures an ex-Catholic by saying something like this: "In some ways this is not the sweeping change you may think. For instance, you are familiar with the Apostles' Creed. Here it is in our hymnal. And here is our *Book of Worship*. Read some of these prayers. They are in your prayer book, too."

The danger is that we overlook

too fast. Much is gained by simply saying, "We want you to know that it is possible for you to become a full member of our church. We will leave it to you as to when you come in. Whenever you are ready, you may become just as much a member of our church as those of us who have been here all our lives."

Meanwhile, show each one the many ways in which he may feel a part of your church—your worship service, WSCS, couples' groups, men's club, and other groups.

Show Them They 'Belong'

- Stress to your ex-Catholic friends our similarity of faith.
- Take them into your heart and Christian fellowship.
- Help them with answers: converts have many questions.
- Greet them with enthusiasm, understanding, and love.

our basic common ground. The Catholic has been brought up to revere and love the Master. If he has been brought up to believe that the Roman Catholic Church has primary possession of Christ, or that we merely regard Jesus as "a good man," then on these points we can do much to reassure him. Just as Christ has brought together so many of different backgrounds, so here he again becomes the true uniter.

Chances are, the potential convert is like a man without a country—a devastating experience. From the day he was born, the Roman Catholic "belonged"—and the Catholic church definitely makes its people feel they belong. So the convert seeks desperately to belong again.

Actually, many Catholics do not know that they can belong to our church. We must show them that they can. One Catholic woman told me that the "genuine interest" shown in her by one of our families led to her decision to become a Methodist. "Bit by bit they exposed us to the almost unlimited opportunities to participate in the life of the church. They showed us what belonging really means."

But a word of caution—*don't push*

Because our Protestantism is so open, we sometimes think there is no need for training newcomers into our fellowship. But a convert is loaded with special questions; he *needs* answers.

To find the answers, he will study more readily than most of our own people, if we set him on the right path. He has been through the catechism at every age level. His religious instruction has come from professionally trained teachers. He expects to study, and if we do not give him the chance we fail him.

Now for a factor we dare not underestimate: the Mass. This is an experience and we ought never discount the power of that experience. To aid the convert in "feeling" the act of worship in our Methodist church, or any Protestant church, is not easy. Much that is familiar is missing. The Mass is formal, liturgical, colorful. It is always the same. It is dignified and appeals to all the senses.

On our part, we are moving in the direction of more dignified worship. Our sanctuaries are becoming more worshipful. We are striving for a real worship experience for everyone. The tools with which to do this

* A survey by Dr. A. C. Hoover, Methodist's statistician, shows that in our church the ratio of Catholics turning Protestant is about four-to-one over Methodists turning Catholic. Some samplings indicate the nation-wide ratio is about the same—even as high as five-to-one.

job are convenient to all of us.

One of the best is our Methodist hymnal. Take the time to go through the aids to worship, helping the convert understand each part's purpose, nature, and function.

Another thing, we must help our Catholic friends to "feel" and realize that God and Christ and the Holy Spirit are present at Protestant worship. In fact, we are in a position to go even further and help the convert to experience a new contact with God through participation in the service. It will take some doing to bring about the genuine experience of our worship, but if we work at it, with God's help, it can be done.

The new convert also misses tangible reminders of his faith. He is accustomed to medals, pictures, beads, and much else. We do not believe in these things, but we have a *Book of Worship*. I suggest giving a leather-bound copy to each convert, and of course the Bible.

There are such things, also, as *The Upper Room* and other devotional aids. As for the religious pictures to which the convert probably is accustomed—well, Catholics have no corner on such art. Witness the many fine examples in *TOGETHER*—a magazine which carries his new church into his home.

Above all, the convert needs the same assurance he found in his Catholic church. I recall what a devout Catholic said to me when I went with her to attend Mass: "Ours is a poor little church. It needs so much so badly. And someday it will be better. But we don't worry about that. The living Christ appears on our altar just as he does in the greatest cathedral in the world."

We need to provide that assurance in our Protestant worship as well. The ex-Catholic approaching your church may be fearful, apprehensive, and disturbed. Coming in may be the most critical moment of his life. Greet him with enthusiasm, knowledge, love, and understanding—these are the elements that can help us make new converts. Learn all you can about their church. Learn all you can about *your* church. Then put yourself in the convert's shoes!

Take his hand and lead him—patiently and lovingly—into a new experience and a new hope.

Dr. Michalson Answers Questions About

YOUR FAITH



Do Protestants believe in confessing sins?

Protestants have a way of reading the Bible selectively. They know all about 1 John 1:9: "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just, and will forgive our sins . . ." But they pay little attention to Matthew 18:18, addressed to people like ourselves: ". . . Whatever you bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatever you loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven." Our Lord gives to his Church the right and the obligation to forgive sin. This

is the truth in the Roman Catholic confessional: If we confess our sins he is faithful and just, through his Church, to forgive our sins. The distinctive Protestant emphasis, however, is not on *whether* we will confess but on *what* we will confess. One does not confess what he has done but that he is the kind of person who could do such things. The response of God's forgiveness thereafter does not simply cancel our bad record. It remakes our lives.

'Forgive us our trespasses': A new translation?

It is difficult to change words which have become standardized by long liturgical practice. It is not difficult, however, to interpret them meaningfully while repeating the standard phrases. When Luke records our Lord's prayer, the meaning is clear: "forgive us our sins, for we ourselves forgive everyone

who is indebted to us" (Luke 11:4). When John Wesley repeated the prayer, according to his note on Matthew 6:12, he thought to himself, "Give us, O Lord, redemption in thy blood, even the forgiveness of sins: as thou enablest us freely and fully to forgive every man, so do thou forgive all our trespasses."

What is the authority of a bishop in Methodism?

Catholic-type churches believe only their bishops retain the *spiritual* authority of the original apostles. Without the presence of a bishop, they think, the church would not exist.

The Methodist bishop does not profess that kind of authority. His unique authority is *administrative*. As the Methodist Constitution says, bishops have "the general *oversight* [italics ours] and promotion of the temporal and spiritual interests of the entire church," in keeping with Wesley's translation of the New Testament word, *episkopos*, as "overseer."

A bishop has no spiritual powers

that any ordained elder of the church does not have. But the episcopacy does provide a skeletal administrative structure to which the body of believers clings.

Administrative authority of a bishop in Methodism is greater in practice than it is in principle. His greatest power is in his authority to appoint ministers. The government of Methodism is highly centralized, however, and the bishop's authority is subject to contraction or expansion at the will of the General Conference, which is a completely democratic body with equal representation from clergy and laity in which bishops have no vote.



Silent Night, Holy Night rings out from Mamaroneck's candlelight service.

Candlelight, music,
a year-old secret make up a—

Choir Boy's Christmas



One member of the 107-voice junior choir is Don Woodworth (center) whose plans for this Christmas started last December 26.

WHEN the American Broadcasting Company's TV cameras moved into the Mamaroneck, N.Y., Methodist Church, a nation-wide audience saw and heard one of the world's largest junior choirs in a beautiful Christmas candlelight service. That was last year.

Again this month, the 107 well-trained voices of Mamaroneck boys

and girls will be raised in traditional songs. Twice-a-week rehearsals for the Christmas programs have long been underway, led by the choir director, Mrs. Margaret Donaldson. The Rev. E. N. Jackson, pastor, stresses, however, that this is more than a Christmas choir. Thousands have heard these young singers in renditions of great Easter music.

And, along with a superb adult choir, the youngsters regularly take part in worship services each Sunday.

But Christmas for most junior-choir members means more than music. What it meant to one choir boy last year—and what it surely means again this year—is told in the series of before-and-after Christmas pictures on these pages.




Don has a well-kept secret—but life goes on as usual on Christmas Eve in the Woodworth family's home. His practice on the trumpet brings sister Sue's inevitable ribbing.



Christmas morning: Don saved his pennies for a year, had \$7.41 with which he shopped four full days before picking presents for family.



*"Well, what a surprise!"
Secret is out—a \$2 gift for Dad.
It comes straight from the
heart of a small boy who
has forgotten no one.*

See Next Page 

Choir Boy's Christmas



*When the corner store offers tempting sun-
daes like this it isn't easy for a boy to save.
But Don was determined, seldom splurged.*



*Hark! The Herald Angels Sing! Words of the song he has
rehearsed so carefully take on far deeper meaning this Christ-
mas Day as Don rearranges tiny figures in the family crèche.*

*Christmas is a holy day,
for Don the best day of
all the year. Now, as he
bows his head at the
dinner table, he realizes
that this has been more
than just another Christ-
mas. Today he has
learned that not only is
it more blessed to give
than to receive—it can
be a great deal of fun!*



The Gift That Lasts

By OLIVE E. TOWNSEND


IN OUR NEIGHBORHOOD, Christmas will be brighter this year. The seeds of peace on earth have been sown right in our own block by a talented, understanding mother. By an inspiring example of congenial family living, she and her children have given us all a gift that lasts.

When she and her family moved in across the street we were all eager to know something about them. When I counted five children, my heart sank. What if they should be like the kids next door! Those youngsters were the scourge of the neighborhood, always quarreling and fighting. Their mother appeared completely unable to teach them to get along together.

But I was due for a pleasant surprise. The new children were *different*—they played together in peace. I could hardly wait to meet the woman responsible for rearing such a well-behaved family.

Evidently my next-door neighbor had the same idea, for she was the first to call on the newcomers. Ironically, although her children wrangled all the time, she was tremendously interested in world peace—and in telling me of her visit she pointed out that the new arrival was not well-informed on foreign policy or international relations. I breathed an audible sigh of relief. All that mattered to me was the joyful fact that the new family had brought harmony into our block. This family was creating a peaceful relationship at its very roots—in the family and the neighborhood.

At the first opportunity I went to call, taking a jar of jelly as a “hello gift.” “How does it happen your children get along so well with each other?” I inquired.



Womanlike, I watched the family move into the empty house across the way. As the five children swarmed about my heart sank, fearful that they might be like the ones next door!

"I guess it's because I work a bit harder at it than most," the newcomer answered. "I have always felt that if I can teach my children to get along with their own brothers and sisters they will never have difficulty getting along with others." Her next remark put an end to any further discussion.

"I wish my jelly was as clear as yours."

If she had some secret formula for child training, I could see I would never get it out of her in so many words. I must wait and watch.

From then on I observed how this woman handled her children. It was clear that she expected the older ones to protect the younger and see to their needs. But I also noticed that she taught the little ones to look up to the older children and to respect their authority. And these children were not distracted by too many toys. One toy at a time was the rule.

Their play patterns, too, were different from the quarreling children's. The first turn went automatically to the youngest or least likely to win. And it was plain that they had been taught to respect each other's property. They were generous in lending their toys to one another, but there was no question about the rights of ownership. All these attitudes had evidently been built into the children's consciousness from the beginning and came as naturally as breathing.

Each child had a small pet. One had a white rat, one a hamster, and the smaller children had guppies and turtles. The boy who owned the white rat told me he had been given a choice between a toy gun and the rat. He had chosen the rat. A similar choice must have been made by the other children, for I never saw any evidence of guns in their play.

One Saturday morning I noticed that the oldest boy was not at his usual job of cutting the lawn and tidying the garden. Instead, he was practicing handball against the garage wall, and the other children were doing his work. He didn't appear sick; the whole thing seemed out of pattern. I was curious until his mother cleared up the mystery. This was John's day to be "King

of the Castle." One Saturday in each month was "King of the Castle Day," and each child had a turn. This was a magic day of special privileges. "It's good for each child in a large family to have his day in the sun," she explained. "And it's good for the other children to give it to him."

I had often wondered about the wisdom of encouraging rivalry between children. My next-door neighbor was forever pitting one child against another: "Hurry up and drink your milk before Susie drinks hers," or "See if you can beat Susie

WHAT IS YOUR FINEST EASTER EXPERIENCE?

This month's story has the Christmas spirit. Now let's look ahead to the next great day in the Christian calendar—Easter. Like Christmas, it has a deep spiritual meaning for all of us. But how do we observe it in our Christian homes?

We'd like to know about Easter in your home. What is your finest Easter experience? Your story could be a page from your own life.

For the best, most helpful Easter story accepted we will pay \$50. Manuscripts should be typed, double-spaced, not more than 1,800 words. Address Together in the Home Editor, 740 N. Rush Street, Chicago 11, Ill., and enclose return postage. —Eps.

getting dressed." This invariably ended in a fight. To me, it seems much wiser to do as the mother of five does: Let the quick child help the slow, the youngster with some special ability help the one with least. This mother believes that every child has his own capacity and skill, and should be encouraged to use it to help others as well as himself. She never compares one child's accomplishments with another's. Each is judged according to his own

ability and his particular age.

"Don't" is a word she has eliminated from her vocabulary. Without worrying about psychology, she has the knack of choosing the positive approach. As she expresses it, "I never say 'Don't fight,' 'Don't be selfish.' I just tell them to love each other." This is her method—and it works.

I remember hearing a conversation between one of her boys and two of the next-door pugilists, who, as usual, were fighting. The well-mannered boy asked, "What are you two fighting about now?" Then the conversation went something like this:

"I'm getting even with Billy. He hit me on the head." (Whack!)

"You'll never get even that way. He'll hit you right back."

"Just let him try and see what he gets!" (Wham!)

"See. I told you. There's only one way to get even. Don't hit him back."

"Don't hit back?" The fighters stopped, dumfounded.

"Sure. Haven't you ever heard of returning good for evil? Try it."

That's all I caught of the conversation, but evidently Billy and Tommy did try it. The next day my neighbor confided, "The oddest thing came over Tommy last night. Right out of the blue sky he started being nice to Billy. When they were getting ready for bed he insisted on helping Billy—he took off his shoes for him and even wanted to brush his teeth." My neighbor seemed oddly happy, as if at last some great weight were being removed from her shoulders.

She had seen how a family with great love for each other and good will toward their neighbors can change the spirit of a whole block just by being themselves.

The other evening I was babysitting across the street—a mother of five should have an evening off once in a while. The two younger children were ready for bed and I asked them to say their nightly prayers. Kneeling together, they repeated the Lord's Prayer. Then came a pause, followed by these words, which must have brought joy to the heart of the Father: "Let there be peace throughout the world—and let it begin with me."

PEACE Is His Business

By Francis W. Carpenter



As crises mount in UN's twelfth and hardest year, Dag Hammarskjöld's task is becoming tougher—and more vital to the world.

DAG HAMMARSKJÖLD is one of the few persons in the world who can knock on almost any door today and expect to be admitted. At the beginning of a new term as Secretary General of the United Nations, he emerges as a trouble-shooter extraordinary and a determined worker for peace.

It's becoming the accepted way at the United Nations for the delegates to hand over a new and delicate problem to the slender, hard-working Hammarskjöld.

"Let Dag do it," you hear around the corridors and assembly rooms of the UN in New York.

How did this come about? Perhaps the main reason is that Hammarskjöld is willing and ready to tackle the toughest assignment on the horizon. He was born with a sense of public service. Regardless of how much he would like to do other less exacting things, he can never escape the call of duty.

Re-elected this current session (at \$40,000 tax-free salary, plus \$15,000 allowance), the Secretary General has managed again to win support of both East and West. He has not escaped criticism in his apparently charmed life, but he has done miraculously well.

During the past year he has conducted negotiations in one crisis after another—notably the impasse and attack at Suez, and the uprising in Hungary and the Russian blood-letting. He moved with dispatch,

Men of peace: Hammarskjöld and UN's Gen. Burns in Middle East.

diplomacy, and daring. He is not, by any means, a man to run away from a fight.

He had the unprecedented job of putting 6,000 UN troops into the Middle East. During these crises the slight, blond Secretary General worked around the clock. At times, weary from the long conferences and the seeming futility of trying to stop the fighting, he would walk in the predawn hours to the Meditation Room of the UN. (Hammar skjold is of the Lutheran Church in Sweden but he keeps his religion to himself.)

Lester B. Pearson, former Canadian foreign secretary and recent Nobel peace prize winner, summed up the work of Hammar skjold with these telling words:

"He acted with great skill and great devotion in discharge of the responsibilities hurled upon him by the General Assembly which often did not know what to do and left it to the Secretary General. He is an international servant and can act only as a civil servant. The Secretary General has done his best to carry out the (UN) resolutions without fear or favor."

The Secretary General, born July 29, 1905, has flashed across the star-studded diplomatic skies with unusual brilliance since the day he was plucked from the relative obscurity of a post in the Swedish Foreign Office and thrust into the international spotlight.

He was chosen when the big powers deadlocked on a successor to Trygve Lie, the first Secretary General, early in 1953. The Russians vetoed Mr. Pearson and Brigadier General Carlos P. Romulo, delegate of the Philippines [see *The UN Needs More Muscle* by Romulo, November TOGETHER, page 15]. The U.S. delegate, Henry Cabot Lodge, and his Western colleagues from Britain and France refused to accept a Red put up for the position by the Soviet Union.

At that moment of impasse, a junior western delegate happened to remember that a Swede by the name of Dag Hammar skjold had served capably on a ticklish problem and maybe he might do.

The Russians had nothing against him. In order to make certain Lie would not be requested to remain

they decided they would accept Hammar skjold.

He came without fanfare in response to this call of duty. He spent a year getting settled in "this house," as he calls the glass and marble buildings of the United Nations Headquarters. He went methodically from the top floor to the basement, shaking hands with all of the staff members and inspecting the place.

He teamed with Lodge to complete the loyalty investigations of Americans in progress when he arrived. He takes the position, also held by Lie, that a man *cannot* be a faithful international civil servant if he owes a higher allegiance to a political party or movement or if he acts

United Nations Expert



Francis W. Carpenter served 28 years with the Associated Press and has reported United Nations affairs since 1946.

He served in U.S. Army Intelligence in World War II and was awarded the Bronze Star during the Normandy invasion. The author is a Tennessean and a graduate of Emory University, Atlanta.

Carpenter authored a book on the UN, *Men in Glass Houses*. He is a member of Christ Church, Methodist, New York, where he served on the official board. He is married and has one son and two daughters. Recently, he was named Director of News Services for the United States Mission. The material for this article was gathered before he took that post.—EDS.

for another government or party while on the UN payroll.

He had settled down, taken an apartment on Park Avenue, obtained a country home in Brewster, N.Y., and was happily acting as Secretary General when the fierce political storms broke.

The Secretary General moves about his work from day to day with a sense of history upon him. He feels strongly that the office of the Secretary General must be respected at all times. He does not care for himself.

He could live happily for the remainder of his life if he never saw his name in the headlines. But his temper rises sometimes when he feels someone is attacking the office of Secretary General, making light of it, or not correctly representing his views.

He does not covet personal power. Persons who know the family say he learned this from his father, whom he adored and to whom he was extremely close. The Hammar skjolds want to be in on everything, not necessarily from a sense of power, but rather from the feeling they can serve humanity.

Dag's father was Prime Minister of Sweden during the First World War. He lived to see his son installed as Secretary General. He has been quoted as saying if he had had Dag's brains he would have got somewhere in the world. Swedes take this as meaning he would have got somewhere in the international field, for he reached the top at home.

While Hammar skjold will talk at length on almost any subject and talk with authority, he will not discuss his personal life. He is a man of many compartments and he keeps most of the doors closed. He has never married and it is reported that never at any time has his name been linked romantically with that of any lady.

His job is his "wife," and she is exacting. She demands, and he complies without a murmur, that he be at the desk around 8:30 A.M. daily or earlier. He spends his day in conferences or working on papers and planning ahead. He insists on keeping in touch with every detail of the Secretariat—even while he was trying to open the Suez Canal.

But in the midst of the political furors in which he finds himself, there is in the back of his mind a dream.

He believes many of the world's problems would fade away into nothingness if the ordinary man had a full stomach, a roof over his head and some future for his children. So Hammar skjold dreams that someday he can turn to economic projects instead of political and can help shape the world into a more abundant life. If he can do something in that direction, he will be happy.

*Honor classes or regular classes?
A teen-ager comes to author "Dick"
Richmond Barbour for advice.*

Teens Together

with an ex-teen-ager

Q I'm 17, oldest of three boys. My folks play favorites and I don't like it. When I was 14 I wanted to go steady. My parents said I would have to wait two years. Well, I waited. Now my brother is 14. He goes steady and my parents think nothing of it. Is that fair?—H.E.

A It looks like favoritism, but there is an explanation. Almost all parents are stricter with their oldest child than with the younger ones. They expect a little too much. But they learn by experience and are easier with the younger children. The oldest one runs interference for the younger ones. Please don't blame your parents. When the time comes you probably will be the same way with your oldest child.

Q Can I really be in love with one boy and love another, too? Worse yet, can I want to go out with still another? I'm almost 14. My three boy friends are 15. I think I love two of them, but the third is more fun. My mother says I'm a mixed-up kid. What do you say?—S.B.

A I say you're a normal girl, asking a normal question. Let's not use the word "love." You are attracted to three different boys. Each appeals to you in his own way. You shouldn't go steady with one of them. Be friendly to all three. Real love probably won't come for several years. When it does, you won't want to go out with anyone else.

Q With my father's help, I got my driver's license last month. Dad seemed willing for me to use the car two nights a week. Now when I come home with it he is waiting and ready to bawl me out. Last night he said I

must be goofy to want to drive so much. I polished the car and he said I got it too bright. How can I solve this problem?—M.L.

A Car arguments are common. Write down a list of the things you and your father agree upon about the car. Perhaps your mother can help. Decide how frequently you are to have the car, who is to buy the gas, what sort of polish you'll use, and so on. After that, if an argument starts consult the list.

Q I'm a boy of 15, over six feet tall, and look older than my years. My parents make me help with the dishes every evening. I don't know any other boy treated that way. Do you?—A.Y.

A Yes, I know several. You do, too—only they won't admit it. Nearly all young people have home jobs. Your parents aren't being cruel.

Q My husband hits me. We married at 16. We were much too young. I'm 17 now and the mother of a tiny baby girl. My husband has hit her, too. Last week I moved back with my parents so I can get a divorce. My husband says he'll kill us all if I start divorce proceedings. I've been raised in a respectable church family, but the boy I married is no good. One night I went out with another boy, even though my mother told me not to. Mama says it was stupid. Can you help me?—C.W.

A I encounter such situations frequently. I hope some of the 16 and 17-year-old girls who want to get married will read your letter. Your husband



may be so disturbed emotionally that he cannot control himself. Probably he needs psychiatric treatment. Be careful. Go with your parents to the police. Tell them of your husband's threats. If he becomes violent, call them. Don't date other boys until after your separation is legal. Stay home and take care of your baby. Ask your minister about personal counseling. He will confer with you directly or refer you to some reliable adviser.

Q I am a girl of 17. My parents can no longer support me, so I must earn my own living. I cannot live with them. It looks as though I'll have to miss school this year. Should I go back to school next year, if I can get a job which permits it?—P.H.

A Yes. Is there a good family in your church you could live with? You could help with the housework or child care in return for your room, board, and a little money. Ask your minister. Don't stop until you graduate.

Q If I am to attend college I'll need a scholarship. My high school has special honor courses for the more capable kids. I am in two honor courses now, but I could transfer back to reg-

Looks at movies

By Harry C. Spencer

General Secretary, Methodist Television, Radio, and Film Commission

• *Films are rated for audience suitability. Also, the symbols (+) and (—) provide "yes" or "no" answers to the question: Do the ethical standards in the film in general provide constructive entertainment?*

Perri: Adults (+) Youth (+)

Two years in the life of a squirrel were photographed by Walt Disney's patient cameramen. Included are Perri's contemporaries, friends, lover, and enemies. The narration sometimes gets a bit gooey.

Mr. Rock and Roll: Youth (+)

Nothing happens in this film; the plot is too slight to mention. But rock 'n' roll recording favorites sing their hits for an hour in an effort to prove that such music does not create delinquents—it's merely an expression of the natural exuberance of young people.

Three Faces of Eve: Adults (+)

This psychological case history—of a woman who has a split personality and eventually develops a third—makes a fascinating story. The third knows the first and second; the second knows the first; the first is ignorant of the others. Joanne Woodward is outstanding as Eve.

The Joker Is Wild: Adults (—)

Frank Sinatra, portraying night-club comedian Joe E. Lewis, turns in a top performance. However, the film is only another of those behind-the-footlights stories which describe the rise of a star (and subsequent fall as an alcoholic). The subject matter is depressing. The treatment of human degradation as if it were a gag rates a minus sign.

Baby and the Battleship: Family (+)

John Mills, sailor on a British man-of-war, is asked while on shore leave in Italy to hold a baby while his pal and the infant's sister are dancing. When baby and sister are separated, Mills has no alternative but to take the infant aboard ship. The rest of the picture, played for slapstick comedy, has to do with problems of child care and feeding—and keeping the stow-away hidden.

The Gentle Touch: Adults (+) Youth (+)

A better-than-average presentation of the duties and rewards of the nursing profession, this film tells the story of student nurses in a British hospital. They find the discipline obnoxious, but ultimately gain the satisfaction of saving lives and healing those who suffer.

God Is My Partner: Family (+)

Walter Brennan's nephews want to commit him to a mental institution because of his overly generous gifts to a church. The defense shows the purpose which lies behind his actions—to give more than lip service to God.

Value of Money: Adults (+) Youth (+)

A Scotch businessman leaves a fortune to his son, John Gregson, who at first follows his father's penurious footsteps. But he meets chorus girl Diana Dors—and she shows him how to spend.

Jet Pilot: Adults (—)

John Wayne "captures" a supposed refugee Soviet jet pilot, Janet Leigh. She turns out to be a Russian spy. To turn the tables, Wayne is ordered to marry Janet and fake an escape with her back to her native country. Of course, they actually fall in love. The American-way-of-life propaganda is overdone and, since Sputnik, is dated.

Until They Sail: Adults (—)

Jean Simmons, Joan Fontaine, Piper Laurie, and Sandra Lee are living in Australia during World War II. The U.S. Marines land for brief shore leaves; clandestine romance results in illegitimate children. This realistic presentation of a problem does not assess blame or propose solutions.

Portland Exposé: Adults (—)

The facts behind this film were headlines a few months ago, but are exaggerated here into unbelievable melodrama. Edward Binns runs a tavern. Gangsters decide to put slot machines in his place. He resists. The goons apply pressure; Binns' family is endangered. The film does not recognize its obvious moral—the saloon business is naturally tied in with other forms of vice.

ular classes. My difficulty is that I get B and C on tests in the honor courses, while I get A grades in the regular classes. My counselor tells me I must have a straight A record if I'm to get a scholarship. Should I play safe and transfer out of the honor courses?—J.H.

A Have you talked with your teachers? It is unfair for them to penalize students for taking their honor courses. If there is no other way to make sure of getting A grades, transfer back to regular classes.

Q I like my cousin and see a lot of her at church and school. She is willing to pair off with me at parties, but not to have regular dates. She says her mother thinks it isn't right for cousins to go together. Why does she say that?—B.W.

A Many people believe cousins should not date or do anything else which could lead them to fall in love and marry. The reason is the belief that their children might be mentally retarded or abnormal. When cousins have children there is a doubling up of heredity, causing hidden defects to appear. If there are no hidden defects, no problems result. Unfortunately, it is difficult to tell in advance whether a family has any such defects.

Q I have a girl friend at school who will not leave my boy friend alone. She tries to take him away from me. She is the same with other girls' boys. I'm glad she isn't good looking. The boys just laugh at her. What would happen if she were attractive?—J.M.

A Probably she'd have her own boy friend. Then she could leave yours alone. Can you help her to be better looking? Is there a woman teacher interested in helping such girls improve themselves? I'll bet you can find one in your home-arts department. If you do, ask your girl friend to go to her.

•
NOTE TO TEEN-AGERS: You are invited to bring your perplexing problems to Dr. Barbour. He's head of the public school counseling service in San Diego and, as an authority on youth, brings a special understanding to teen troubles and indecisions. Write him c/o TOGETHER, 740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill.—EDS.



George Frederick Handel,
Composer of *The Messiah*.



12,000 singers in 60 towns:

'Hallelujah' Rings Out in California!

By RALPH FREESE

ALL OVER THE WORLD this Christmas season Handel's immortal oratorio, *The Messiah*, is thrilling millions. Yet there was a time when *The Messiah* was regarded as a failure. In fact, Londoners in the 1740s nearly shouted it out of existence as the blasphemous work of a devil.

Handel in 1741 was nearing 60—and deep in debt and despair. Once a favorite of the royal court, he had suffered a paralytic stroke from which he had never fully recovered. His creative spark apparently dead, he regarded himself as a musical has-been.

Then one night, returning to his lodgings after wandering aimlessly, Handel found on his desk a libretto—*A Sacred Oratorio*—from a second-rate dilettante poet, Charles Jennens. Wearily opening the manuscript, he found the now-familiar opening words: "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God . . ." Reading on, inspired, he began to hear the music for magnificent choruses welling in his mind, and, grasping a pen, he started putting on paper the sacred harmonies.

For three weeks he worked as a man possessed, barely nibbling food and resting only in fitful naps. Finally, exhausted, he finished his oratorio.

At last, in 1743, he offered his work in public and instantly was bombarded from all sides. "Profanation of the Scriptures!" some shouted.

"Blasphemy!" cried the clerics. "Imagine printing the word 'Messiah' on a playbill!"

Not for eight years did Handel's majestic work gain the acclaim it deserved. Today, however, *The Messiah* is one of the best-loved sacred compositions. And in this country the church-sponsored Messiah Sunday movement is fast gaining support.

California is an outstanding example. There the tenth annual observance was held this month. Already, its sponsors say, Messiah Sunday is the world's largest sacred-music festival. At 4 p.m. December 8, more than 12,000 singers in over 60 towns and cities throughout Southern California and nearby areas opened their musical scores with the first chords of *The Messiah* overture. More than 100,000 gathered to hear the simultaneous choral performances.

The man behind this great musical jubilee is Dr. Gordon Bachlund, director of the Church Federation of Los Angeles and of the Southern California Council of Protestant Churches' department of worship and fine arts.

Dr. Bachlund organized this department to raise church-music standards. Leaders hoped, too, that music would become an additional uniting force among Protestants.

Bachlund's idea for simultaneous performances of *The Messiah* was

tried on a modest scale in 1947, when 80 Los Angeles churches co-operated in presenting 10 simultaneous productions before an estimated 8,000 persons. In succeeding years the performances mounted steadily . . . 16 . . . 19 . . . 27 . . . 32 . . . as the observance spread throughout Southern California. Each year more persons participate in and attend the performances, now given also in Central California and Nevada.

Although blind since 1951, Bachlund still supervises the event. As a new area opens up, he appoints a manager and other executive officers who then promote the observance. Churches of many denominations—now about 35—work together in staging the performances.

One goal of the movement has been to bring *The Messiah* to the people. Today, most people in Southern California can reach one of the performances by a short walk or drive. Supporters hope that soon no Southern California community will be without its own *Messiah*.

But the dream does not end there. Many envision the day when communities throughout the United States will join together in celebrating an annual Messiah Sunday.

Should that day come—and if Handel were still alive—it would be no surprise to him. For he knew that this was his greatest work.



MIDMONTH POWWOW

*The small fry
like a "shoot 'em up"
Christmas. But any harm?
Here are both sides.*

Do War Toys Hurt Your Children?



YES

say many parents, wary of all that suggests violence.

NO

reply most educators, war-mindedness doesn't develop from play.

TV, Not Toys, Is the TNT
Mrs. L. R. Rappé
Fairbanks, Alaska

Our son has been reared around military installations. He has a keen interest in the profession of his father. Although he plays war and has guns and pistols, I don't think he is war minded. His father has taught him that war is not glamorous and that people are actually killed—it isn't just a game. Our boy simply understands that there must be professional soldiers, just as there must be firemen and police.

TV is the dangerous medium in my estimation, with all the crime and violence projected in our living rooms night after night.

Young Boys 'Just Want' Guns
Mrs. Graydon Tilbury
Kansas City, Mo.

I tried to keep my son from playing with toy guns, but all his friends were playing these games, using sticks for guns. I would have had to keep my son in the house. I did not think it that important, and had

I done so it would have made such an impression on him that it would have made him more war minded. There is an age when boys just want to play such games.

Little Guns Lead to Big Ones
Mrs. E. E. Kinkel
Oconomowoc, Wis.

It is an easy step from playing with guns to the philosophy that quarrels can be settled by guns—especially big quarrels which can lead to wars. How does one con-

vince a youngster in church school that "thou shalt not kill" when all week long he plays with guns and sees his heroes in comics and on TV do away with the bad man in short fashion with guns?

Sister Influenced Brothers

*Mrs. Milford Gragg
Boise, Idaho*

After Pearl Harbor, we decided that all books, radio programs, conversations pertaining to war were taboo. But our little girl learned war games despite all our precautions. So when our boy came along he was allowed to have guns and tanks, and he played soldier to his heart's content.

After 20 years of working with MYF, Scout, and Sunday-school groups, we have not known any of these boys and girls to become war minded or have criminal tendencies.

Real Culprits: TV, Movies, Radio

*W. E. Cannon, Professor
University of Southern Calif.
Los Angeles*

Toys are play. The child does not confuse them with life. But TV, radio, movies are real people in real life. I believe mass media affect the attitudes and behavior patterns of children much more than play activity, which is recognized by the child strictly as play activity.

Pop Guns Can Teach Lessons

*Mrs. Harry R. Mayo
Trenton, Mo.*

Our children had popguns, guns made with clothespins and rubber bands, and BB guns. When they were old enough to handle real guns they went hunting. They were taught that they should not point guns at people, kill songbirds, or damage property.

They were not taught that weapons or violence settled differences or that war was ever desirable. (Their father is a veteran of World War I.) There is a good and a bad use for practically everything, including weapons. The attitudes and principles we teach our children may be stronger influences than we realize

in coping with influences which we believe to be wrong.

'Older Children' the Problem

*Mrs. Harriet Roth
Junior-high Teacher
Mitchell, S.D.*

If children play with war toys they are usually too young to be made war minded by their playthings. They become no more war minded than do they develop a hatred toward Indians by playing cowboys and Indians. The big problem is for older children who read war comic books, see TV and movies. In them they see war glorified. That, to me, is the type of thing that makes them war minded.

Society's Attitude Is Key!

*Harry P. Bahrick, Psychologist
Delaware, Ohio*

Any experiences of the child in which violence or aggression appear to be rewarded probably increase the child's acceptance of that type behavior. Since books and drama (and everyday life) are fraught with this type experience, it would be difficult to eliminate it from the child's life.

I believe the root of this problem lies in better control over the amount

of aggression our society accepts and approves of in our daily life and only incidentally in our literature which, after all, reflects the attitudes and beliefs of people in our society.

War Toys the Result, Not Cause

*Ralph Garry, Psychologist
Boston University
Boston*

You have to seek your causes of war mindedness in sources other than toys. If anything, they, too, are a result more than a cause. The heroism of our military men is repeatedly stressed in story, picture, and on TV. Perhaps our ideal, exemplified in the Congressional Medal of Honor can be contrasted with the Nobel prize. . . . Would one argue that churches contribute to war mindedness in view of the fact that it was consistently proclaimed from the pulpit during the war that God was on our side?

Father of 4 Vets Speaks Up

*Charles S. Miller, Professor
Allegheny College
Meadville, Pa.*

There seems to be a fascination for boys in dressing up as pseudo-soldiers and imitating what they think soldiers do. Certainly, I never

HOPALONG TOM

Little cowboy, holsters drooping,
Stetson slipping down your face,
Rope in hand and loudly whooping—
Give those Indians a chase!

Silent now the guns you're wearing;
Vanquished foe has headed south.
Don't you think you'd look more daring
If your thumb weren't in your mouth?

—CATHERINE MARY WEIDUM



saw any evidence of war mindedness develop as the result of play. Four of my sons participated in World War II and their play did not make them eager to go to war. There is a great difference between simple play and TV's graphic delineation of gun fights and war. If violent Westerns and war pictures could be eliminated from TV, I would take my chances on war toys.

TV Has Greater Impact

Mrs. M. G. Joyce
Conference Director, Children's Work
Jefferson City, Mo.

Playing with toys is less real to children than what they see on television. TV is more likely to lead the child to understand the horrible side of war than playing with toys, for in play there is no experience of bloodshed or of death.

My three children's play with guns was more of the "cops and robbers" and "cowboy and Indian" variety than of war.

Children Outgrow War Toys

Mrs. Russell L. Barger
Wakeeney, Kan.

Our four older children went through a stage when a gun was the most important plaything each

owned. Long after they tired of them, neighbor children forbidden to play with guns repeatedly asked for them.

When our son played soldiers, he used clothespins. If they want to play war they'll find a way, regardless of toys supplied.

Maybe it isn't the type toy but the type growing-up interests offered the boy that makes the difference. I suspect the child's interest in new activities is guided by the parent's attitude and co-operation with church, youth groups, and other wholesome activities.

'Eliminate' War Toys, Comics!

Mrs. Frank E. Brown
Tacoma, Wash.

This is an alarming age for children, with constant talk of atomic and hydrogen bombs, bomb shelters, civil defense, and evacuation practices. We should be able to eliminate toys and comics which deal with warfare and the tensions which accompany them.

Guns Taboo in This Home

Mrs. Norman E. Amtower
Hoyt Lakes, Minn.

We discourage guns of all types—pointing guns at people disturbs me. We are particular about the movies

our children see. TV programs showing people shooting at one another are bad because they are so graphic. We encourage our children to participate in active play—bicycling, swimming, skating, fishing, and camping.

Parents Take the Easy Way

Mrs. Louise Augustine
Des Moines, Iowa

Too many parents take the easy way out, using no imagination about toys. Through play, our children work as well as play. I believe the tools should be for working toward good, creative ideas—toward making a future citizen with high ideals toward his fellow man.

Report From a Grandmother

Mrs. Charles A. Trowbridge
Conference President, W.S.C.S.
Pasadena, Calif.

My children now have families of their own. My son and his wife are parents of five children from 2 to 13. They say TV has 10 times as much influence as toys. My son said he believes TV is the one thing in the world most responsible for juvenile delinquency and that comic books are the second worst offender.

Problem Starts With Parents

Harry W. Hepner, Psychologist
Syracuse University
Syracuse, N.Y.

The problem of war toys is not as great as the larger one of parental indifference to the learning of proper selection of toys of all kinds. A manufacturer once told me: "Educate parents in the selection of good toys and we'll make and sell them."

Parents Should Take Note!

J. C. Witter, Teacher
Winfield, Kan.

Children tend to play games similar to the culture of the society. Parents fail in allowing the games to grow to the proportion they assume, and movies bring too much shooting and plundering before children. It may be more serious than we know.

HOW WOULD YOU VOTE?

Leave it to the small fry to keep up with the news. Toy shops report that lead soldiers and plastic tanks are almost passé. Youngsters now clamor for space missiles.

What do parents think about "toys of violence"? This month's *Powwow* gives typical comments but, to round it out, we sent questionnaires to a sampling of Methodist parents across the country. Admittedly, it wasn't a Gallup poll, yet we think this summary is representative of parental opinion throughout the United States.—Eds.

	YES	NO
Do you believe playing with war toys and guns makes children war minded?	33%	67%
Did you permit your children to have this type plaything?	61%	37%
If denied war toys at home, did your children go elsewhere to find them at a pal's home?	23%	28%
Do you believe parents can ever have a voice in the type of toys offered for sale?	92%	5%
Do you believe other sources of amusement (such as TV, radio, comic books, and movies), which often feature war or violence, have a greater influence than toys?	87%	7%

Scenes from the LIFE OF CHRIST *as pictured by India's artists*



—ANGELA TRINDADE

ACROSS the centuries, the Son of Man's brief sojourn on earth has inspired men who paint pictures and chisel stone. And one of the most remarkable collections of Christian art ever assembled was displayed at Lucknow, India, as part of the 100th-anniversary celebration of the founding of Methodism in southern Asia.

Hundreds of artists exhibited, many of them non-Christians. Two of the prize winners, for example, were Hindus. Western influence was discernible in some of the paintings, but all reflected a resurgence of India's indigenous artistic culture.

For the privilege of sharing with you these representative paintings, TOGETHER is indebted to Miss Esther Armstrong, a missionary who helped organize the exhibit. We feel these pictures bear unique witness to the power and the glory of the central figure of the Christian faith, whose birth is being commemorated at this Christmas season.

—YOUR EDITORS

And while they were there, the time came for her to be delivered. And she gave birth to her first-born son and wrapped him in swaddling cloths, and laid him in a manger...there was no place for them in the inn. Luke 2:6-7

to us a child is born.... ISAIAH 9:6

...behold, an angel of the Lord appeared to Joseph in a dream and said, "Rise, take the child and his mother, and flee to Egypt, and remain there till I tell you; for Herod is about to search for the child, to destroy him." Matthew 2:13

—S. CHAVDA





—R. S. BIST

After three days they found him...sitting among the teachers and all...were amazed at his understanding... Luke 2:46-47

and the child grew... LUKE 2:40

A. DA FONSECA



—F. WESLEY

And he went down with them and came to Nazareth, and was obedient to them; and his mother kept all these things in her heart. And Jesus increased in wisdom...and in favor with God and man. Luke 2:51-52

*And the twelve were
with him, and also some
women who had been
healed of evil spirits
and infirmities: Mary,
called Magdalene,
from whom seven demons
had gone out...*
Luke 8:2



—ANGELA TRINDADE

*And passing along by the Sea of Galilee, he saw Simon
and Andrew the brother of Simon casting a net in the sea;*

*for they were fishermen. And Jesus said..."Follow me and
I will make you become fishers of men." Mark 1:16-17*

—MALAK





—ALFRED D. THOMAS

"And other seeds fell into good soil and brought forth grain, growing up and increasing and yielding thirtyfold...and a hundredfold." And he said, "He who has ears...let him hear." Mark 4:8-9



He taught them in

—H. RAUT



—MASOJI

"And he would gladly have fed on the pods that the swine ate...no one gave him anything." Luke 15:16





And he went about all Galilee, teaching in their synagogues and preaching the gospel of the kingdom and healing every disease and every infirmity among the people.
Matthew 4:23

—ANGELA TRINDADE

...many things in parables... MARK 4:2

For when the foolish took their lamps, they took no oil with them; but the wise took flasks of oil with their lamps... And while they went to buy, the bridegroom came, and those who were ready went in with him..."
Matthew 25:3-4, 10

"But a Samaritan, as he journeyed, came to where he was; and when he saw him, he had compassion, and went to him and bound up his wounds... then he set him on his own beast and brought him to an inn..."
Luke 10:33-34

—F. WESLEY





—ALFRED D. THOMAS

This is my

*...Jesus took with him
Peter and James and John, and led
them up a high mountain apart
by themselves; and he was transfigured
before them, and his garments
became glistening...
Mark 9:2-3*



—VARADARAJAN

*"Hosanna to the Son of
David! Blessed be he who
comes in the name of the
Lord!"...when he entered
Jerusalem, all the city was
stirred...Matthew 21:9-10*

beloved Son . . . MARK 9:7



—ARUP DAS

"Truly I say to you, one of you will betray me" . . . Mark 14:18

And they brought him to the place called Golgotha (which means the place of a skull). And they offered him wine

—S. CHAVDA

mingled with myrrh; but he did not take it. And they crucified him, and divided his garments... Mark 15:22-24





—O. RODRIGUES

He has risen, he is not here . . . MARK 16:6

He said to them, "It is not for you to know times or seasons which the Father has fixed by his own authority. But you shall receive power when the Holy Spirit has come upon

you; and you shall be my witnesses in Jerusalem..." And when he had said this, as they were looking on, he was lifted...a cloud took him out of their sight. Acts 1:7-9

2,000 Years Later . . .

Two Views on Christmas

As Christians See It

By HAROLD A. BOSLEY *Pastor, First Methodist Church, Evanston, Ill.*

A COMMUNIST APPRAISAL

Christmas, the celebration of the "birth of the Savior" which was borrowed by Christianity from the pre-Christian cults . . . is based on the legend that Jesus Christ supposedly was immaculately conceived by a virgin mother. However, it has been established by scientific criticism that these legends, as indeed the whole content of the gospels, are myths, full of all kinds of contradictions and religious fantasy . . . Christmas has played a reactionary role in history. Like every religious holiday, Christmas is kept alive and supported among backward groups of workers by reactionary religious prejudices.

The Large Soviet Encyclopedia, Vol. 49, cols. 88-89, 1941 edition. (Translated by John Dorosh, curator of Slavic Room, Library of Congress.)

WE DO WELL to celebrate His coming with great joy and thanksgiving, not only during this glad Christmas season but every other day of our life.

One reason transcends all others. *He discovered the power of love.* Jesus believed love to be an unequalled power in human life, the only proper approach to a person whose life was all tangled up in sin, frustration, and despair.

When the good people of Jerusalem brought the harlot to him, they demanded action; they wanted to do something about it. They were all for stoning her at once—and they had the law on their side.

Agreeing that something must be done, Jesus suggested two other kinds of immediate action, both born of love. First, he said, assuming she is to be stoned, "*He that is without sin, let him cast the first stone at her.*" That took care of all the sinners who had been masquerading as saints, but it left the one confessed sinner awaiting judgment. And when it came, it was action incandescent with love. "*Go and sin no more.*"

This is no isolated instance of Jesus' understanding of, and reliance on, the power of love. He believed it to be the only proper approach to injury, injustice, and indignity. His faith in it shines through every line of the Sermon on the Mount. His parables are radiant with the human meaning of the love of God. It is not too much to say that all that he did and said was one long effort to interpret the meaning of love in life.

Love is far less spectacular than its opposite number, hatred. Hatred is tragic spectacle on a grand scale. It is Hiroshima, Nagasaki, and the big bombs of today. It is World War III, which seems to lie all around us, waiting only the opportunity to spring on us.

There is little or no spectacle about love. It is as simple as taking a child on one's knee and seeing therein the Kingdom of God. It is as simple as giving a cup of cold water, as interrupting a journey to help someone in trouble, as meeting curses with prayers, as turning the other cheek.

The magic of the Christmas season will serve us well if somehow it helps us to discover and put to use this power of love in our own lives. This is the real meaning of Christmas for our friends, our loved ones, the world. "*Love never faileth.*"

Where there are gathered two or three . . .

There's Charley Stuck!

By HERMAN B. TEETER

ONE RAINY February Sunday a few years ago a jeep zigzagged down a muddy road in Craighead County, Arkansas, and stopped in front of a farmhouse. The farmer, peering through streaming rain at the four persons huddled in the little vehicle, turned to his wife:

"It looks like Mr. Stuck has the whole congregation with him again," he announced. "But there's room for us."

In those days things looked bleak at the New Hope church where Charles Albert Stuck, Methodist lay leader extraordinary, held services every fourth Sunday. The church, once the center of New Hope religious and social life, had been dying for 30 years.

But it didn't die, thanks to Charley Stuck and a few dedicated laymen from nearby Jonesboro. True, on the first Sunday the congregation of two huddled in overcoats around an old stove where wet wood smoked fitfully.

"Friends," Stuck announced, "I promised the Lord that if there were three persons here I'd hold a service. Well, counting myself, there are three of us here today."

Since then, this former lumber dealer has spoken from hundreds of pulpits and stages throughout Arkansas, most of the 48 states, and, more recently, the world. And it came as no surprise last year when the report raced around Jonesboro that energetic, genial Charles Stuck had sold out his business and would enter full-time lay work in the North Arkansas Conference.

"If a church stove is cold," one minister said, "Charley Stuck will

bring his own kindling. And if a congregation is needed, he'll haul it himself."

But he was alone the bright Sunday morning I piled into his car at Jonesboro. "I'm due to speak twice this morning on the Alicia-Swifton circuit," he said. We drove along an asphalt road, then down Highway 67. At Alicia we found the host pastor, Theron McKisson, standing with a crowd under a tree outside the church. Most of the automobiles parked nearby were spattered with mud from rural roads. In that church Stuck delivered a "middle-size" sermon. Then we hurried over to Swifton where he spoke in the home church of George Kell, big-league ballplayer and active layman. I asked a local merchant what he thought of the speaker.

CHARLES Stuck? Well, he's no howler and he's no pulpit pounder. He's a layman and he talks like one. He's sort of man to man about his religion." And Stuck, he might have added, has equal appeal to bottom-land cotton farmer, Ozark mountaineer, city businessman, and housewife.

After the services I asked Stuck if his decision to devote his life to lay work—which will reduce his income several thousand dollars each year—had been hard.

"It was," he admitted. "I did a lot of praying. I tossed and turned in bed many a night. Then one day I told my wife I had decided to sell my interest in the business and devote all my time to the lay program. She told me to go ahead. Now I'm

doing what I want to do, what I think God wants me to do. It is the most gratifying work I have ever done."

In his first six months as a full-time lay leader, Stuck traveled 15,000 miles and made 119 talks. He spoke to 15 Methodist Men's clubs, visited every district in the conference, held 10 lay speakers' clinics, talked to student bodies, and preached nearly every Sunday in rural churches within a 100-mile radius of Jonesboro.

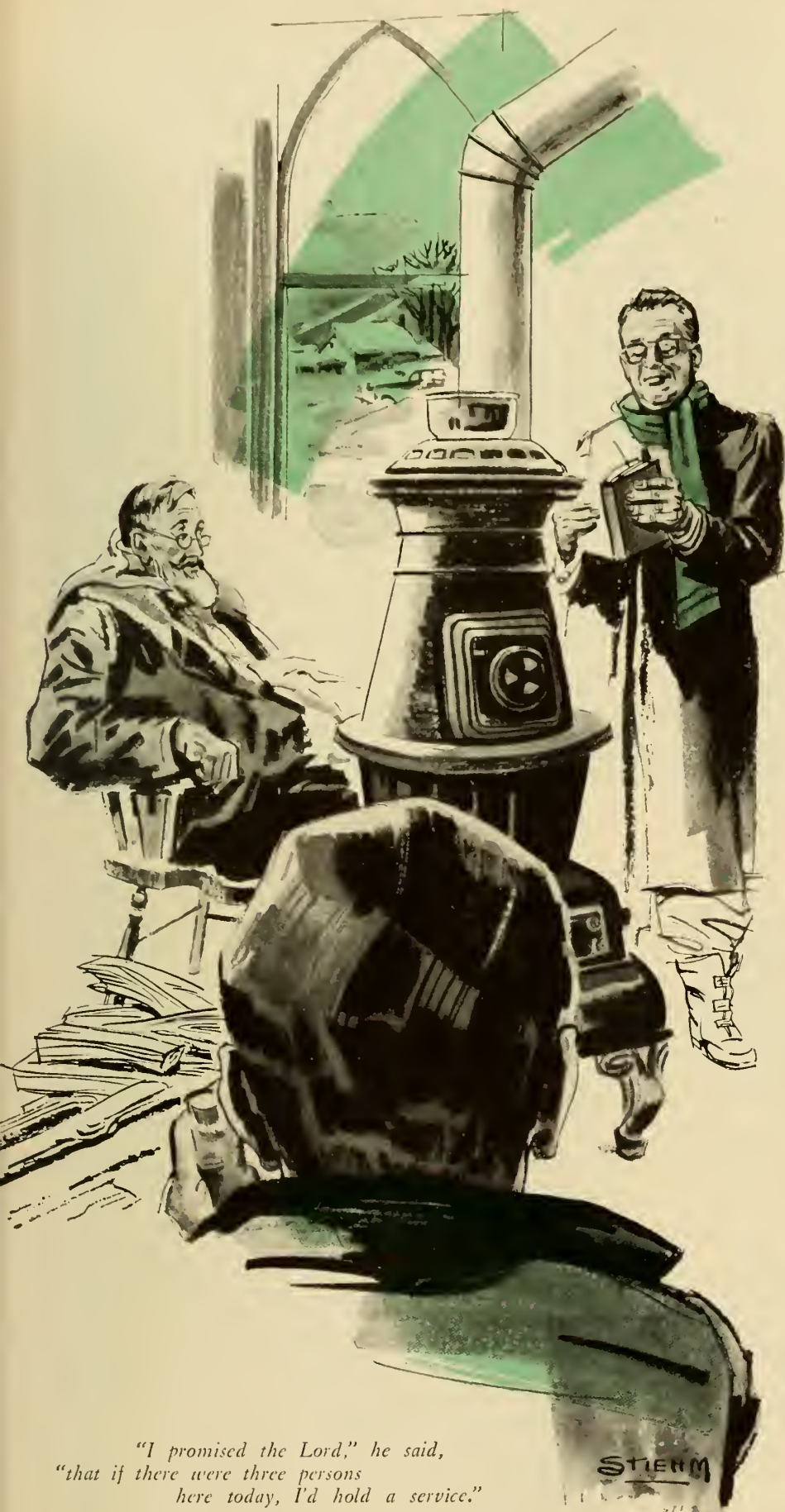
AS I drove about the conference with him, Stuck pointed out many of these rural churches—which comprise one of his greatest concerns.

"Our forefathers established small communities of Methodists at thousands of crossroads," Stuck explained. "Some of these villages grew into cities. Others remained small. But wherever they were, they were the centers of community life."

"Well, a lot of them have been going down. We can't expect to build them back in a year or two. I told you of the New Hope church during the early days of our lay work. Now, after several years, you may expect me to say that this church is full to overflowing. It isn't. But it now is a regular preaching appointment with 49 members instead of the handful we knew."

Last summer Stuck accompanied another layman and eight Methodist ministers on an evangelistic mission to the Philippines by way of England and India.

"I've been to England before," he told me. "I went over there in 1953 to study the lay-preaching pro-



*"I promised the Lord," he said,
"that if there were three persons
here today, I'd hold a service."*

gram in Great Britain. Seven out of 10 Methodist pulpits there are filled by laymen. The British lay program goes back two centuries to John Wesley. They've set up a good plan for recruiting, screening, training, and appointing local preachers to churches in the communities where they live.

"In England, as here in Arkansas, it has been proved that laymen can do effective work in lay speaking if and when they have been trained for the task. That's why we conduct our workshops, study sessions, and speakers' clinics. Also, I've found that the lay preacher receives a blessing from the work he is doing."

Stuck paused in thought. Then: "Just think what a lay movement on the British scale could accomplish in America!"

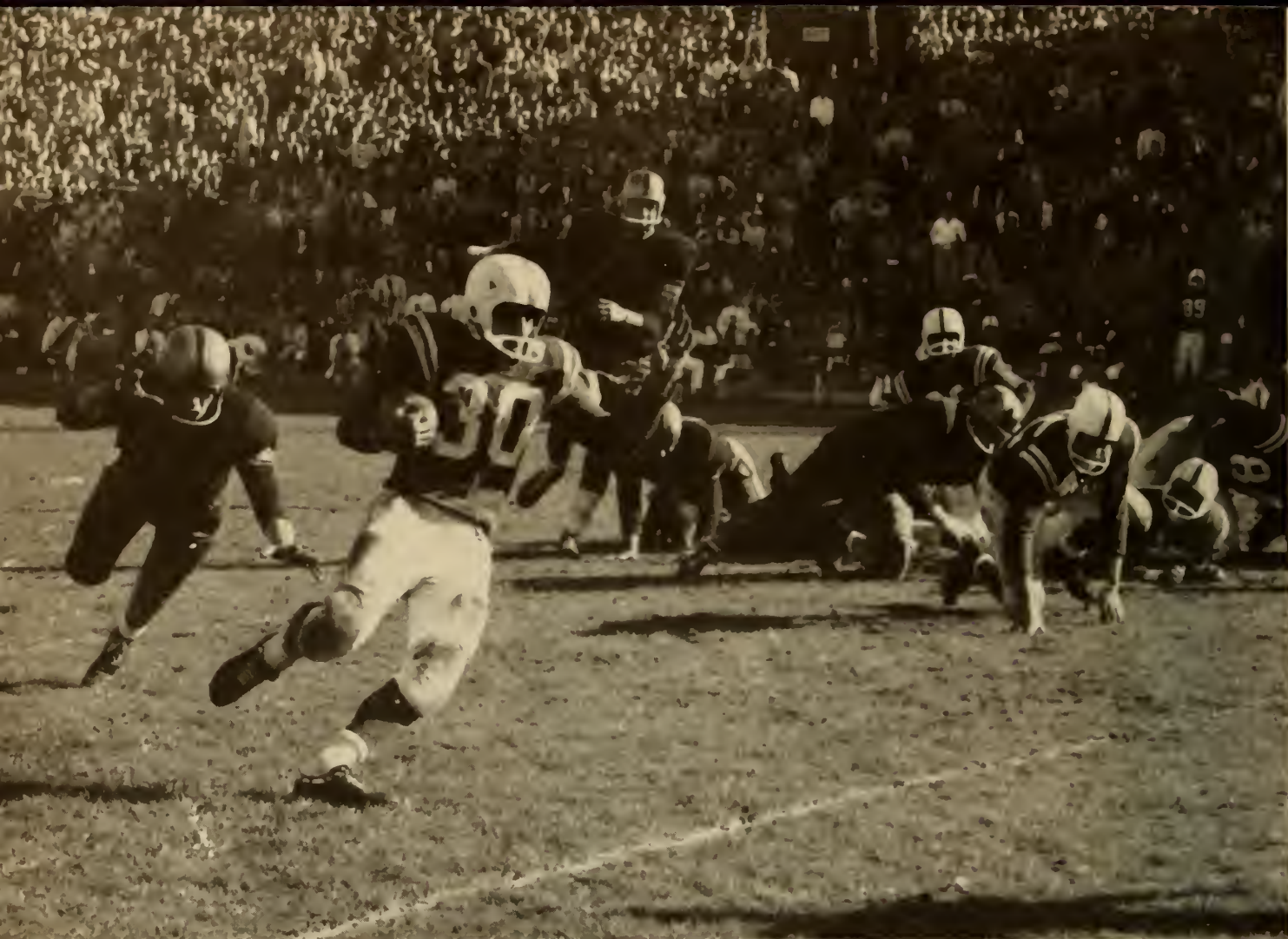
Under Stuck's leadership, lay teams already are going great. They have built chancels, inaugurated Communion services, introduced Methodist hymnals, beautified run-down buildings. He has helped train 200 men in Methodist rituals, lay speaking, worship services, and the choice and development of texts. In one year, 14 new Methodist Men's clubs have been organized in the conference.

"Some people think I have been called to the ministry," he says. "That isn't true. But I have been called to do lay work—and speaking is only a part of that."

HE has always tithed and in his lay work he puts emphasis on tithing. But perhaps his strongest conviction is that every layman can—and should—do something to forward the church. "There's an election going on in this world all the time. The Lord casts one vote, the devil another—and we must cast the deciding vote."

Stuck's aim is to augment the thin ranks of the ministers, particularly in the rural and small-town areas. In this work the Arkansas laymen are calling on the qualities that have made them successful in other endeavors. After one lay service recently a church member said to Stuck: "You would have made a mighty good insurance salesman."

"In a manner of speaking," he replied, "that is what I am."



GANGWAY! *Teammates clear a path for Johnny Maio of Boston University as he tears off a gain against West Virginia.*

The Methodist University & College **ALL-AMERICAN ELEVEN**

By **FRED RUSSELL**

Sports Editor, The Nashville Banner

LONG BEFORE beginning this article accompanying *TOGETHER's* second annual All-American All-Methodist football teams, I considered—at first as merely a whim, then more seriously—these questions:

1. How would the players chosen from the major Methodist-related universities (Syracuse, Southern Methodist, Northwestern, Denver, Boston, and Duke) stack up against similar all-star line-ups from other denominations?

2. How would this university team fare in a contest with the first-string teams from six other large universities, say Oklahoma, Michigan State, Mississippi, Texas A & M, Iowa, and Notre Dame?

I don't want to start any arguments; neither do I wish to put forward false claims of superiority for this 1957 Methodist team. But I will say this:

I find it difficult to believe these boys could be outdone by a team

chosen from any other independent schools throughout the nation.

(To qualify for *TOGETHER's* honor roll, players had to attend a Methodist-related school—and perform brilliantly on the gridiron. They were not required to belong to The Methodist Church.)

As for the answer to my second question—Well, that's something else. Yet in these days of upsets and mistaken notions of greatness, almost anything is (*Continued on page 49*)

*Cream of the crop from
some of the nation's best schools—*

UNIVERSITY

FOUR JUNIORS and seven seniors make up this team, selected from six Methodist-related universities. Two heaviest men in the line are Andy Cvercko of Northwestern and Charles Strid of Syracuse, both 225-pound tackles. Lightest man is SMU's speedy, 167-pound Charlie Jackson. Oldest member of the squad is Al Yanowich, 24, the quarterback; youngest is scrappy Tom Koenig, 19, a guard. Only repeater from last year's squad is Willard Dewveall, end, who is playing his last year at SMU, as is halfback Jackson.

FULLBACK: *Speed and the power to pick up yardage earned Wray Carlton of Duke his important berth on this year's team.*



END, Willard Dewveall
SMU



TACKLE, Charles Strid
Syracuse



GUARD, Roy Hord
Duke



CENTER, Mike Bill
Syracuse



GUARD, Tom Koenig
SMU



TACKLE, Andy Cvercko
Northwestern



END, Richard Lasse
Syracuse



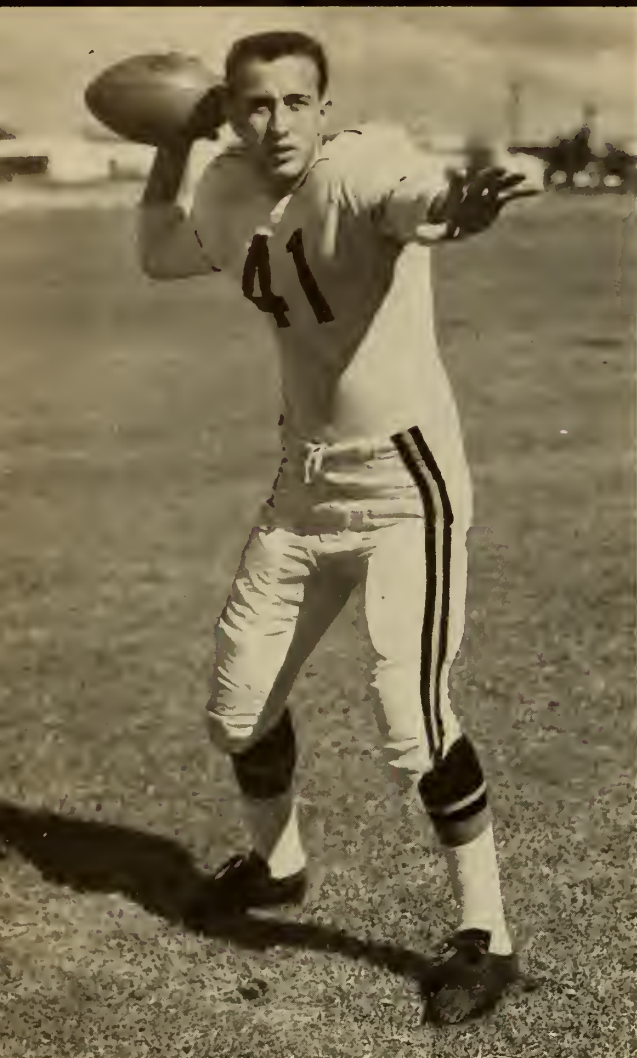
QUARTERBACK, Al Yanowich
Denver



HALFBACK, Charlie Jackson
SMU



HALFBACK, John Maio
Boston



QUARTERBACK: *Strategist Tom Flores, College of the Pacific, is at the 1957 squad's helm.*

COLLEGE

TOGETHER's 1957 All-American college team is composed entirely of seniors. Selection posed special difficulties for sports writer Fred Russell because, among 74 Methodist-related senior colleges, around 40 have football teams. Jim Villa, Allegheny's crack fullback, is the only repeater from last year. On the field, this team averages 195 pounds to the man, is lighter than university squad.



FULLBACK, Jim Villa
Allegheny



TACKLE, Ron Galiene
DePauw



GUARD, Dave Young
Randolph-Macon



CENTER, Truman O'Doherty
Morningside



GUARD, Charlie Davis
McMurry



TACKLE, Roger Hagy
Wofford



END, Ken Polcyn
Lycoming



END, Howard Clark
Chattanooga



HALFBACK, Dick Nash
Albion



HALFBACK, Frank DePrete
Wofford

(Continued from page 46) possible I'd hate to sell this team's chances short.

Speed, size, stamina, spirit, power, versatility—this All-American All-Methodist line-up has all the factors needed for a successful team.

Here we have explosive, elusive backs who have scored on smashes and dashes from six inches to 102 yards. Charlie Jackson of SMU sprinted two yards farther than the length of the gridiron to score against Rice with an intercepted pass, longest run of the season in a major game.

Ahead of them in the front line is a huge, mobile array. Modern linemen must be almost as fast as the lighter backs for whom they clear the way. The college forward wall these days averages 20 pounds or more per player over the weight of a line of 25 years ago. And today's bigger boys have amazing quickness.

The Methodist All-American line averages an imposing 213.4 pounds per man—and it's fast!

Put behind them a trio of such blazing human darts as Boston University's John Maio, Duke's Wray Carlton, and Jackson of the Mustangs, operating under the masterly direction of Denver's Al Yanowich at quarterback, and you have a combination able to exert irresistible pressure on any defense. This wouldn't exempt Oklahoma's—and the Sooners, you recall, went 47 straight games without a loss.

So, once again, it is with special pride that **TOGETHER** presents its second All-American Methodist College selections. They were picked after careful analysis and with the cooperation of athletic officials.

This was, as expected, a much more difficult job than choosing the All-American University team from among the six major universities, each with an enrollment larger than any of the many colleges studied.

In turning to the college team, we must keep this important—but often overlooked—fact in mind: the stars of many small-college squads are under-publicized, but they're fully capable of holding their own with their big-time brethren. It would not surprise me if the college team picked for **TOGETHER** played the university squad to a standstill, if they ever met.

I said that last year, too—and it still goes.

UNIVERSITY

SECOND ELEVEN

POSITION	PLAYER	SCHOOL
E	Jim Kenney	Boston
T	Tom Topping	Duke
G	Bob Huber	Denver
C	Frank Bennett	Northwestern
G	Carl Jamison	Duke
T	Ed Paulauskas	Boston
E	Boyd Waggoner	SMU
Q	Bob Brodhead	Duke
H	Dan Fogarty	Syracuse
H	George Colbert	Denver
F	Harold McElhancy	Duke

THIRD ELEVEN

POSITION	PLAYER	SCHOOL
E	Bill Thompson	Duke
T	Sal Cesario	Denver
G	Al Viola	Northwestern
C	Bob Garrard	Denver
G	Al Benecick	Syracuse
T	Jerry Cornelison	SMU
E	Dave Hurm	Duke
Q	Chuck Zimmerman	Syracuse
H	Edward Coffin	Syracuse
H	Lon Slaughter	SMU
F	Jimmy Dean	Boston

COLLEGE

SECOND ELEVEN

POSITION	PLAYER	SCHOOL
E	Harold Lambert	Emory and Henry
T	Bill Striegel	College of Pacific
G	Dick Parkins	Simpson
C	Walt McCallum	Adrian
G	Bill Pizzica	Mount Union
T	Gary Raid	Willamette
E	Bunkie Keeton	Randolph-Macon
Q	Charlie Bradshaw	Wofford
H	Bill Butler	Chattanooga
H	George Phelps	Cornell
F	Jerry Miller	Western Maryland

THIRD ELEVEN

POSITION	PLAYER	SCHOOL
E	Farrell Funston	College of Pacific
T	Thomas Biggam	Allegheny
G	Frank Agnello	Lycoming
C	Roland Rutter	College of Pacific
G	Joey Rusek	Emory and Henry
T	Larry Johnson	Morningside
E	Jerry Richardson	Wofford
Q	John Green	Chattanooga
H	Spence Brady	Dakota Wesleyan
H	Ron Lutz	Ohio Wesleyan
F	Bob Austin	College of Puget Sound

Light Unto My Path

WEEKLY MEDITATIONS ON THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS

DECEMBER 22

But when the time had fully come, God sent forth his Son, born of woman, born under the law, to redeem those who were under the law, so that we might receive adoption as sons.
—Gal. 4:4-5

MANY YEARS AGO, when Billie Burke was at her zenith, we saw her in an unusual play. Her introduction to the audience was startling. A huge white paper screen was the only scenery. The lights were dimmed and a silent movie began playing on the screen.

We were looking down through a long grape arbor. At first we saw a tiny dot that seemed to be moving toward us on the walk under the arbor. The dot became larger and larger until it dawned upon us that it was a person running toward us—it was a beautiful young woman. At the instant when we thought she would leap out into the audience someone leaped through the screen, the lights came on, and there stood Billie Burke, a living person.

God through the centuries was trying to reveal himself to mankind. In the beginning the revelation was imperfect, just a dot. But the dot grew larger through the centuries as new revelations came to mankind, until "When the time had fully come, God sent forth his Son, born of woman," the Redeemer, the perfect revelation of himself to mankind.

In Jesus Christ we see as much of God as finite mind can comprehend.

Prayer: Eternal God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, and our Father, we thank thee that in the fullness of time thou didst give thyself to mankind through thy Son, Jesus Christ our Lord. Restore within us, we pray, the lost image and likeness of thyself. "Cast out our sin, and enter in, be born in us today." Amen.

—HARRY O. RITTER

DECEMBER 29

Above all these put on love, which binds everything together in perfect harmony.
—Col. 3:14

WOULD YOU achieve "perfect harmony"? Among requirements, Paul says, there is one more important than any other. There is one supreme virtue. It brings all others together and binds them into a wholeness. It is the one quality that gives meaning and purpose to life and relates all other qualities to life. It brings zest, satisfaction, and achievement. It is love.

Without love, all other virtues are vain. Compared with other spiritual gifts, it is supreme. Love achieves perfect harmony, not in theory, but in practice. Love meets enemies and makes them friends. It faces injustice and forgives. It grows stronger under persecution. It takes hold of fear and casts it out. Doubt is changed into faith under its power.

All of this happens, not because you have a certain feeling toward God and your fellow men, but because you are obedient to the command: "You shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, and with all your soul, and with all your mind, and with all your strength. . . . You shall love your neighbor as yourself." (Mark 12:30, 31.) As you obey, you grow in love, and as you grow you achieve perfect harmony. Your concern for others binds you together through understanding and compassion. Love brings people together in fellowship, in solving problems, accomplishing tasks, fulfilling missions. Love is the active force that binds together and uses all other virtues and spiritual qualities in transforming lives and bringing them into perfect harmony.

Prayer: Our heavenly Father, help us to demonstrate the love we profess for thee by being

obedient to thy commandments. Grant unto us patience and courage in all our relationships. May we grow in love through all of life's experiences. Amen.

—IRA W. FLOWERS

JANUARY 5

He is the head of the body, the church: he is the beginning, the first-born from the dead, that in everything he might be pre-eminent.—Col. 1:18

THE FAMOUS STATUE, "the Christ of the Andes," was erected in 1904 on the lofty boundary between Argentina and Chile. It commemorates the settlement of a boundary dispute between these two countries, which now regard the statue as the symbol of a perpetual peace between them. This is probably the largest and most highly placed statue of Christ in the world.

In Paul's day there was a boundary dispute of a theological nature in the Colossian church. It concerned the extent of the divinity and humanity of Christ. For their enlightenment Paul, in our text, set forth what is, perhaps, the most exalted concept of Christ's relationship to the church. Doubtless, Paul thought of a church as essentially a group of consecrated folk.

There is an old legend which tells about the angel Gabriel asking Christ, after his Ascension, how he expected his work on earth to be carried on. He is said to have replied that he expected Peter and James and John and Mary and Martha, and others like them, to spread the gospel message abroad; that he had no other plans, since he was counting on them.

You and I, and all other loyal disciples of Christ, constitute the true church, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, and our Lord has commissioned us to tell others about him. "He has no tongues but our tongues

to tell men how he died; he has no help but our help to bring men to his side."

Prayer: O Thou, who art the head of the church, we adore thee, we give thanks for thy great glory, who art forever pre-eminent, and we humbly beseech thee for grace and strength to be thy true witnesses day by day. Amen.

—THOMAS A. STAFFORD

JANUARY 12

But you shall receive power when the Holy Spirit has come upon you; and you shall be my witnesses in Jerusalem and in all Judea and Samaria and to the end of the earth.—Acts 1:8

DECEMBER 2, 1942, was a day that will live in history. On that day the curtain rose on the Atomic Age. The energy which lights the sun and the stars now was harnessed by man. A power vaster than we yet know and as old as the universe had awaited through the ages the perfecting of an instrument for its release.

So in the spiritual universe the only instrument which can release the moral power of God and make it available is a human personality. Our Lord's promise in Acts 1:8 has been fulfilled repeatedly in the mightily energized personalities of those who, like St. Paul, have coveted nothing "but to know him and the power of his resurrection." Through such, the power of God, his love, his patience, his grace have become real to uncounted multitudes.

The tragedy is that we try to do by ourselves what we can do only when equipped by the power of the Holy Spirit. The personality must be readied. In a story I know, the heroine says to her lover, "Have faith in God, Paul." He asks, "But how does one have faith?" She replies, "There are two things that are required: You must be emptied of self before faith can come in——"

"And the other?"

"That I can't tell you. I do not know when and how God chooses to enter the empty chamber."

Prayer: Help us, our God, to fulfill the condition of self-emptying that we may be fit instruments both to receive and to channel thy power. Amen.

—PAUL M. BROWN



Harry O. Ritter
Emporia, Kan.



Ira W. Flowers
Shreveport, La.



Thomas A. Stafford
Chicago, Ill.



Paul M. Brown
Geneva, N.Y.

A Strange Tune in Tokyo

Soon after I arrived in Japan I had to make the trip alone from Itami Air Base to my home in Takarazuka. It was late at night and the trip entailed a half-hour train ride, with a transfer to another station, and several taxi rides.

I sat in the station, eyes downcast, remembering all the horrible tales that had evolved from World War II. Oriental faces seemed so expressionless, eyes so cruel. Then a young man sitting across from me began to whistle.

I looked again, and the faces weren't expressionless at all; they were kind, and the eyes merely curious. From that moment on I traveled all over Japan alone—always among friends. For the song the young man had whistled was *Silent Night, Holy Night*.

—BETTY R. HORN, Granby, Conn.



The Life of Christ in Masterpieces of Art brings to readers many reproductions of outstanding religious paintings—as this section of Botticelli's The Nativity.

The Life of Christ in Masterpieces of Art, selected by **Marvin Ross** (Harper, \$10), will inspire every art-loving Christian. Here is portrayed the life of Christ in paintings, mosaics, sculpture, and stained glass from the 11th through the 16th centuries. Such old masters as da Vinci, Rembrandt, Botticelli, da Fabriano, Memling, Duccio, and many others are represented.

To see all this great art in person, you'd have to go on a world tour.

Life seen from a vantage point other than our own is often revealing. You get this kind of look at the war years in *Fulness of Days*, by England's **Lord Halifax** (Dodd, Mead, \$6).

More than this, you get his recollections, mainly of the last 30 years. Edward Wood, first Earl of Halifax, was brought up to believe in discipline and in reverence for a very high standard of behavior. His whole life has been "one

of order against a religious background that was never far away."

Through belabored and formal prose, the nobleman emerges as a person of warmth and charm and good humor. The picture of Halifax is not so much of one who shaped history as of one who was "in the know." He played important roles in the shedding of British colonialism, in World War II as ambassador to the U.S., and as Britain's foreign minister.

One reason we who dwell beside the shores of Lake Michigan are fortunate is that our fellow townsman, **Sydney J. Harris**, does a daily column for *The Chicago Daily News*. His essays are rich in mental proteins flavored with insight and wit. Sometimes they leave a persimmon pucker, but we like that too. The Barnabas household now rejoiceth that many of his writings have been assembled be-

Barnabas takes:

Looks at New Books

tween hard covers: *Majority of One* (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.75).

The title is apt. For as I read Harris I had the feeling that he often is expressing some of my own feelings, which I've never been able to jell into words. My favorite Harrisism is: "The men who tell you they have their finger on the public pulse are generally taking their own temperature."

And now **Fred Russell** (whose 1957 All Methodist football selections appear on page 46) comes along with *Bury Me in an Old Press Box* (Barnes, \$3.75)—the story of the author's long career as a sports writer on the national scene. This one is nostalgic, informative, full of anecdotes recalled by one of the best men in the business. A must for the sports-minded.

The job of U.S. district judge is a tough one, requiring patience, endur-

ance, and a highly developed sense of justice—as well as years of thorough training. Nevertheless, **Judge Ben Moore** tells us in *Heritage of Freedom* (Denison, \$3.50) that it is a job with much more than drabness and duty—that there is a lighter side of humor, and unexpected hope appearing in the midst of resignation and futility.

A keen understanding of human relationships and an innate compassion for the follies of mankind are qualities most of these men possess.

The values expressed in this book are solid, determined American ones. This mildly diverting portrait of a fine man is a pleasant mixture of the light touch and esteemed respectability.

“Ninety per cent of the people of Russia feel toward the existing system nothing but dislike and irritation,” asserts French journalist **Alexandre Metaxas** in his *Russia Against the Kremlin* (World, \$3).

The author spent several months in Russia last year and says that with his excellent knowledge of Russian he was “able to penetrate the very soul of the land and people of Gogol and Dostoevski.” Surely neither of those men would have made such a lofty claim, and they spoke Russian very well indeed.

The author wandered through Moscow streets, asking questions and listening to the conversations of all classes and ages. From these he learned much about the feeling of the Russian public. But when he begins to analyze the political situation and predict the future, the book bogs down.

While Sputniks are still sputtering on course, here comes a new book, *Rockets Through Space*, by **Lester Del Rey** (Winston, \$3.95).

If your 12-year-old hasn't yet explained the operation of space ships to you, he'll doubtless find in this book the information he needs.

The author predicts future school curricula will include courses in space and space travel, an idea that leaves Barnabas a little breathless!

Cartoonists have long belabored the man behind a newspaper at the breakfast table. But what of the child who buries himself behind a fascinating cereal box? I kept encountering cartoon possibilities all the way through *Cornflake Crusade*, by **Gerald Carson** (Rinehart, \$4.95).

The whole cereal industry (as well as those youngsters who grasp a box firmly in one hand while gorging

The Family Celebrates



CHRISTMAS SONGS AND THEIR STORIES, by **Herbert H. Wernecke** (Westminster, \$2.50). Carols, noels, hymns, spirituals—all types are included in this collection. Wernecke presents the words, followed by relevant information concerning the author and about how the song was written. Families who like to sing together will want this book, we're sure.

CHRISTMAS IN THE HOME (Number Two) edited by **Glenn McRae** (Bethany, \$1). Seven outlines for family worship in keeping with the Christmas theme. Also, interesting projects for the whole family to join together in planning, doing, and giving. Each one will help make Christmas a season that honors the One whose birth we mark.

CHRISTMAS IN OUR HEARTS, by **Charles L. Allen** and **Charles L. Wallis** (Revell, \$1). This tiny book carries a message you'll want to have with you the whole year. The spirit of Christmas is not a thing to pack away with the tree trimmings.

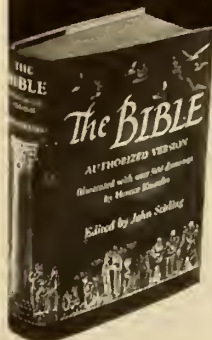
GOD WITH US, by **J. B. Phillips** (Macmillan, 35¢). How to look beyond the frivolity of modern-day commercialization of Christmas to discover and relate to our lives the real meaning and relevance of the birthday of Christ. Proof that a small booklet can say a lot.

CHRISTMAS AT MT. VERNON, by **Helen Topping Miller** (Longmans, \$2.50). The elderly Washington and his wife come home to their beloved Virginia country place just in time for Christmas festivities. Easy to read of an evening, and especially fun for grandparents—the Washingtons spoiled their grandchildren, too!

THE YEAR WITHOUT A SANTA CLAUS, by **Phyllis McGinley** (Lippincott, \$3). Once upon a time, Santa decided he needed a vacation. At Christmas. This is the story of what happened when word leaked out to the little folks, and how one boy—Ignatius Thistlewhite—had a good idea. The poem is gay and children will love the brilliant drawings. Prepare to read this one often, on demand.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE HESSIAN, by **Cora Cheney** (Holt, \$2.75). Pre-teen boys and girls will enjoy this exciting story which has a Revolutionary War background, a Newport, R.I., setting, and plenty of action beginning to end.

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themselves on its crackling contents with the other) owes an incalculable debt to the inventive genius of Kellogg and his chief competitor, C. W. Post.

Carson's hilarious account really opened my eyes to the wonders of the 19th-century evangelical movement of food faddists.

Civil War historians, having refought every land battle countless times, now are turning to the war at sea. And, happily, the two latest books give a capsule view of both sides' strategy—the North's crippling blockade and the South's daring commerce raiders.

In *The Rebel Shore* (Little, Brown, \$4.75), James M. Merrill shows the thinking, much of it erroneous, which went into the Union's main naval effort—a constantly tightening blockade of Southern ports, coupled with thrusts at its seacoasts. It ends with mid-February, 1865, and the Union capture of Wilmington, N.C., last major port through which supplies for the strangling Southland could pass.

For its part, the South mapped a plan for sweeping Union commerce off the seas through a fleet of swift, elusive raiders. Most famous of them all was the *Alabama*, whose story—and that of her gallant skipper, Raphael Semmes—is ably told by Edward Boykin in his fast-moving *Ghost Ship of the Confederacy* (Funk and Wagnalls, \$4.95). Denounced as a pirate by the North, hailed as a hero by the South, Semmes bagged 66 Union ships with the sleek *Alabama* before she was sunk, June 19, 1864, in a historic duel with the *Kearsage* off Cherbourg, France—a duel watched by thousands who thronged the shore.

The books add up to the same answer that land-war historians reached long ago: There were honors aplenty for both sides in this regrettable conflict which, in its own mysterious way, was fated to help weld America into "one nation, indivisible."

I've just done a spot poll among ministers. Not one remembered from seminary courses in history of religion even a mention of Wovoka, that Indian in Nevada, who was hailed by tens of thousands of his people hardly 70 years ago as their "messiah." Strange that absorption with old-world religious phenomena should so completely eclipse scholarly attention to a classic example of "messiah psychology" in our own land!

Wovoka, the Indian Messiah, by Paul Bailey (Westernlore Press, \$5.50), falls short of being an adequate story of the half-Christianized Paiute. It is even erroneous on some historical details—such as the bloody Wounded Knee massacre of the Sioux by U. S. troops, on Pine Ridge Reservation, South Dakota, December 29, 1890. But

the author fills out freshly the personal story of the medicine man who was known to whites as Jack Wilson, but to his people as Wovoka.

Wovoka claimed revelations from heaven. He prescribed rituals, including a dance and wearing of a bulletproof "ghost shirt." Taking cues from Jesus, he counseled patience with forbearance, and prophesied as reward for believers that the white man would be swept away and again buffaloes would thunder over the prairie. This is what the Indians, frustrated and defeated, longed to hear. How bleak tragedy followed is an epic one must know to understand the Indian problem of our day.

The Music Box Maker, by Gertrude Doederlein (Augsburg, \$1), is the sort of book the younger members of the Barnabas brood like to have read to them over and over again.

With a true sense of what delights



Klaus brought a colorful music box for each little girl and boy in Mittenwald.

the young, the author and artist Melva Mickelson combine to point their light moral on the joy of sharing, and tell how the little children show an old man the way to real happiness.

Visiting friends in Pennsylvania while this page was in the making, I was kept awake one night by the haunting bark of a fox. It's a lonesome sound, easy to distinguish. And the experience brought to mind some of the odd bits I had encountered in reading *Animal Legends*, by Maurice Burton. (Coward-McCann, \$4.95). For example: The legend of foxes and fleas.

It seems that to rid himself of fleas, a fox journeys to a pond carrying a leaf in his mouth, and gradually im-

merses his body until the water reaches the tip of his nose. The fleas, in turn, gradually travel toward his nose—and onto the leaf. When the fleas are all gone, the fox leaves the leaf in the pond and heads for shore.

Dr. Burton examines this and other long-established animal legends in the light of modern knowledge.

Our nomination for the light-hearted gift book in the low-price field goes to *Good Ol' Charlie Brown*. This new *Peanuts* book, by **Charles M. Schulz** (Rinehart & Co., Inc., \$1), is the sort of thing we'd enjoy having if we were bestirring ourselves after a bout with a flu bug or such.

Scaled above the ordinary cartoon book, it's packed full of chuckles which Schulz finds by keeping a watchful eye on his youngsters and their pals.

Get Away From Me With Those Christmas Gifts is the rather cumbersome title of a bit of fluff by **Sylvia Wright** (McGraw-Hill, \$3.95).

The author conducts a survey of her own thoughts on such trivia as dish-washing and stew making, dieting, and being a little bit sick.

There must be people in the world who enjoy reading this sort of thing. But I admit to being a little bit sick myself after an hour or two with her book.

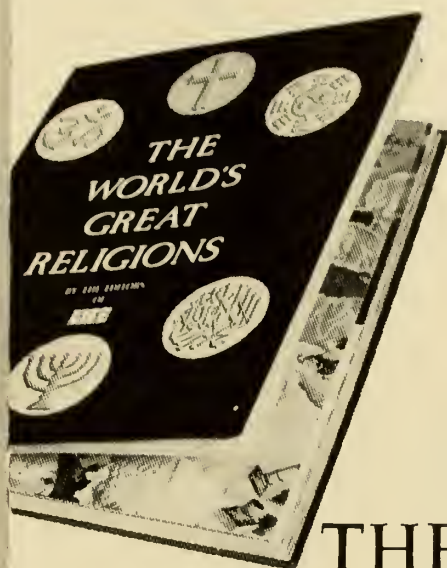
Gilbert Highet writes so well on such a wide variety of subjects that one would think he spends every waking hour with pen in hand. Not so. He is Anthon professor of the Latin language and literature at Columbia University.

In his spare time he is also a New York radio regular. From his weekly broadcasts he has chosen the essays which make up *Talents & Geniuses* (Oxford, \$5). This volume is divided into three sections: Music and Art, Characters, and Writing and Reading. There's a touch of Bach, Picasso, Jefferson, Socrates, and his own charming wife, Helen MacInnes.

Prized here at 740 Rush St. is a bound Volume One (1826-27) of *The Christian Advocate* (of which TOGETHER is the lineal descendant). And each yellowed issue carries in New York market quotations a listing for "ashes," both "pot" and "pearl." It's a reminder of days when frontiersmen picked up extra income as they cleared their lands with ax and torch.

Curiously, early-day Methodists were raw-material suppliers for black-gun-powder manufacturers. From *Guns on the Early Frontiers*, by **Carl P. Russell** (University of California Press, \$8.50), we learn that black powder was composed, roughly, of 75 per cent saltpeter, 15 of charcoal, and 10 of sulphur. Salt-

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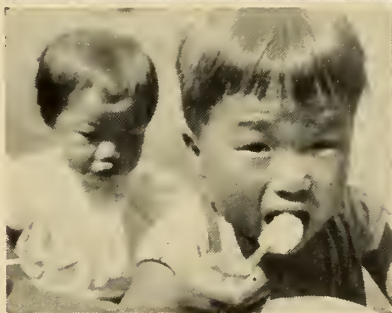


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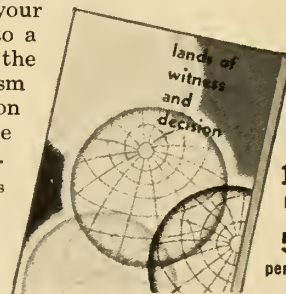
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"Christmas! Bah! Humbug!"

The man in the wheel chair leaned into the microphone. "Christmas!" he snarled. "Bah! Humbug!" And, as they had in Christmases past, millions of young listeners chilled at the mental picture of the baleful Scrooge.

It was a Christmas institution, back in the Forties, this annual reading of Charles Dickens' classic. Its reader was something of an institution himself. In his turbulent lifetime he had been an unsuccessful painter but a good amateur second-baseman, a composer whose music was played by the New York Philharmonic, and a model for Frederick Remington.

To most people, though, he was Lionel Barrymore, the actor, and they loved him.

He was both crusty and kindly (he loved reading "A Christmas Carol"), adventurous, stubbornly independent in thought and outlook. And game as they come. Although an accident in 1936 imprisoned him in a wheel chair, he went

resolutely on—working in motion pictures and making public appearances for nearly twenty years more.

No question but that Lionel Barrymore was one-of-a-kind. Yet the qualities so richly combined in him exist in a large measure among all the 170 million of us who call ourselves Americans.

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Browsing in Fiction

Gerald Kennedy

BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA, THE METHODIST CHURCH



This month I am going outside my field to talk about a children's Christmas book. Technically, I am still within my rights, for it is fiction and I have had no word from TOGETHER's editors on an age limit on the readers who may get interested in books I write about. True, there is another department with chief responsibility for this kind of writing, and to its editor I apologize. This book, however, was sent to me by my friend, Dr. George W. Crane, one of Methodism's fine laymen. It is dedicated to his son, George W. Crane IV, who met his death in a jet crash July 7, 1956. With this explanation, let us proceed.

LITTLE SANDY SLEIGHFOOT, by June C. Unwin (*Hopkins Syndicote*, \$2.95).

This book is beautifully printed and the illustrations are excellent. The hero is a boy born to a toymaker and his wife at the North Pole. Little Sandy, who has red hair, also develops tremendous feet. Everybody makes fun of him—until those big feet of his enable him to perform a wonderful act of bravery which saves Santa Claus from being stranded on Christmas Eve. I will only add that this is one present I am giving one of my favorite little girls. There is also a song entitled *Little Sandy Sleighfoot*, which has been recorded by Columbia Records with Jimmy Dean and produced by Mitch Miller. I hope it will rival *Rudolph, the Red-Nosed Reindeer* because it has more of a religious note. It may be that you will like this book as much as I did and that your children will become so engrossed with it that TV will be turned off for two hours.

BY LOVE POSSESSED, by James Gould Cozzens (*Harcourt, Brace*, \$5).

This is a new novel everyone is talking about. I read a whole article about it in *Harper's* and if it has had a poor review anywhere, I have not been advised of it. This seems to be a book regarded everywhere as a great one, by a writer who has been producing outstanding

novels for years. However, if rather detailed writing concerning sexual affairs offends you, pass this one by. I hasten to add that I had no sense of these matters being dragged in just to attract readers. What Cozzens has to say about such things is certainly an authentic part of the story, but no one can deny he is mighty frank. If you can put yourself into a theological frame of mind and regard *By Love Possessed* as a modern treatise on man's sin and frustration, you will be able to take it all in stride and profit from it. For this is great writing, the work of a man who digs deeply into the meaning of human nature and its predicament. I find myself on the horns of a dilemma and, as usual, I am climbing down from that uncomfortable position by simply stating how it looks from where I stand. We will have a sinless literature when we have a sinless humanity. In the meantime, read this book.

BELOW THE SALT, by Thomas B. Costain (*Doubleday*, \$3.95).

You probably assume that Horatio Alger is dead and gone, but you are wrong. He is very much with us, only he has taken the name of Thomas B. Costain and has added to his usual brew a pinch of reincarnation and three heaping tablespoons of *When Knighthood Was in Flower*. The result is almost 500 pages of romantic, sentimental, historical tripe. However, a large number of people probably will buy it. I have no doubt that some will like it. If you want it in a nutshell, here it is: A wealthy Irish-American politician remembers that he lived in Ireland in the 13th century. He makes some good investments for a young nephew so that he, too, becomes wealthy, and they go back to Ireland where the old man digs up enough relics to prove that he must have been there once before. Most of the book is this story of his previous life, with all kinds of tournaments, rescuing of queens, and more knightly behavior than you can shake a stick at. Then, in the end, the young man marries the beautiful young girl. Oh, yes; I did not like it.

peter was mined in limestone caves of Virginia, Georgia, Tennessee, and Kentucky, then leached with wood ashes—both "pot" and "pearl," we presume.

This bit of Methodist Americana we offer gratuitously as a footnote to Dr. Russell's book. Not that it needs a footnote, however. It's a scholarly volume on a neglected subject.

Strange, isn't it, what oddish items browsing turns up . . . and I'm thinking right now about the song *Green*

Grow the Rushes, which you'll find in the book *Sing It Again*, published by the National Conference of the Methodist Youth Fellowship. I'll even wager a rock and roll record few MYFers know that song is a latter-day version of *The Twelve Truths of the World*, which has folklore versions not only in modern languages but in Persian, going back perhaps to the third century!

I learned all this in a footnote in *Mesquite and Willow*, a new Texas

Folklore Society publication edited by Mody C. Boatright, Wilson M. Hudson, and Allen Maxwell (Southern Methodist University Press, \$4.).

Collecting deserts is a strange hobby, but a growing one as tourists with cameras invade our West and Southwest. If you want to be tempted, look up *The North American Deserts*, by Edmund C. Jaeger (Stanford University Press, \$5.95).

—BARNABAS

*This year
recreate for
your own family
the wondrous scene
of Christ's birth.*



The author arranging tiny figures in one of her homemade Nativity scenes. Here she chooses a small table for the display, using evergreen branches for a realistic touch.

Make Your Own Crèche!

By **EVELYN M. WEGENER**

FOR A WONDERFUL WAY to bring the true spirit of Christmas into your home this season, don't fail to use a crèche—a miniature scene of Christ's Nativity. Better yet, make this a very special Christmas and build your own crèche as a family holiday project!

This has been my family's favorite hobby for 15 years, so I know how rewarding it can be. And I've found these table-top tableaux a wonderful way to tell children the real Christmas story. They love to see and hold the tiny figures of Mary, Joseph, the three Wise Men, animals from the stable, and the fine-featured baby Jesus. That's when this hobby brings me the greatest satisfaction—knowing that what I fashioned with my own hands has pleased and inspired others. But making a crèche is fun for the whole family, too—and it's easy!

Let's say you want to make a crèche

for your home this Christmas. You'll start, as I did, by getting models for the figures you wish to reproduce. I first used a scene imported from Germany, but you can just as well purchase the figures—individually or in a set—from a hobby supply company. Remember, though, that each figure must be accurately proportioned to the others. That's a good argument for buying a complete set of models.

Next, you'll need to secure these materials:

Liquid rubber, for making a mold of an original model in which you can cast as many duplicate figures as you wish.

A clean $\frac{1}{2}$ or 1-inch flat brush for applying the liquid rubber on your models.

Statuary plaster, a powder which when mixed with water can be poured into the molds before it hardens.

Oil paints and small brushes for coloring your figures.

Most hobby supply houses stock these materials; probably you can find the others you need right in your home.

Now, for the step-by-step procedure.

1. Using a spot of liquid rubber, fasten the base of one of the model figures to a piece of glass or heavy cardboard. Then dip the flat brush in a cup of soapy water, shake it out well, and apply a thin, even, bubble-free coat of liquid rubber to the entire model, working downward from its top. Paint about a $1\frac{1}{2}$ -inch rim around the model's base, too, and in succeeding coats embed strips of gauze or cotton cloth in the rim (technically it's known as a flange). Since the completed rubber mold will hang upside-down in a hole cut into the bottom of a cardboard box resting on its top (see picture), the rim must be stiff enough to support the mold



Plaster-water mixture is poured (left) into molds to cast figures. Support for each mold is given by stiff rim at its base. Remainder of the mold hangs through holes cut in cardboard box.



Twenty minutes after casting, the rubber mold—rinsed in water and rubbed with a bar of soap to prevent sticking—is peeled from the new figure. Then the figure is dried.

Painting is the important finishing step. Here Mrs. Wegener, using assembly-line techniques, works with careful attention to detail. Even with a variety of brushes, she finds a pinpoint best for touching on fine facial features. Wise selection of paint shades gives rich contrast and adds impact to the final grouping.



Specialty of men in the author's family is making crèche stables. Here Mr. Wegener attaches a stable's frontispiece, cut with a jig saw from $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch plywood. Not visible are $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch-square wood strips, nailed inside along the base of each wall to give additional support. Stable's size must be proportioned to figure sizes.

when liquid plaster is poured into it. You'll need about eight coats of rubber for a durable mold. Allow 30 minutes' drying time after each coat. After that let the mold "cure" for about two days—while still on the model. Then dust it with talcum powder and carefully peel it off just as you'd remove a rubber glove. When the mold is off, sprinkle more talcum powder on its other side.

2. Now you're ready to cast. Mix the powdered statuary plaster with water in a 3:2 ratio—three parts plaster to two parts water. This mixture is about the consistency of cream and will harden rapidly, so mix no more than you'll need at once. Then pour the plaster mixture into the rubber mold, which you've first rinsed in cold water, drained, and hung in the flopped-over cardboard box. In 20 minutes the plaster will be solid.

3. To remove the mold from the newly cast figure, dip it in water and rub ordinary bar soap on its outer surface to prevent sticking. Then simply peel off the rubber mold (see picture). You'll have a perfect replica of your original model!

4. Before going further, dry the figures in your oven—about two hours at 250 degrees, door open a little to allow moisture to escape.

5. Now the final step—painting. Choose contrasting shades of oil paints so that, when you group the figures, each one stands out as an individual. Use gray, brown, and dull green for shepherds' rough garments, for example, and paint robes of royal purple, crimson, and rich blue on the Wise Men.

You'll want a simple stable, too, similar to the one pictured. For this I prefer to use 1/4-inch single-faced walnut plywood because of its attractive tan and brown shading. I cover it with a solution of white shellac and denatured alcohol in equal parts, giving good protection without a glossy finish. I find the 3/8-inch wood used for end sections of orange crates ideal for the base.

Using imagination, you can supply the finishing touches. I've found that mock trees nearby, fine alfalfa leaves on the stable's floor, and a low, two-rail fence surrounding all but the stable's front opening help give a rustic, realistic appearance to any crèche.

Now comes the display. Pick your spot with care. A small, low table away from other furniture is good, a deep fireplace mantel often better. But wherever you place your homemade crèche, try putting a small light bulb inside the stable. Then, when other room lights are extinguished and only a glow from the stable is visible, you'll feel that you, too, are in Bethlehem for that greatest event in history.

Name Your Hobby

Art: Mrs. Tony Panella, 421 Stimson Ave., Pismo Beach, Calif. (sketches, water colors); Mrs. Fenton S. Bennett, R. 2, Towanda, Pa. (oil-coloring photos).

Ash Trays: R. W. Lowell, Dexter, Me.

Astronomy: Quincy Murphree, Wedowee, Ala.; Richard Ness, 143 Hetcheltown Rd., Scotia 12, N.Y.

Butterflies: Michael Saffle, 257 Belmont Ave., Salt Lake City, Utah; Gibson Cornwell, 100 Peek St., Conyers, Ga.

Cups and Saucers: Laura Tucker, R. 3, Box 166-A, Clinton, Md.

Dish Towels: Mrs. J. W. Biniors, 111 W. Poplar, Sayre, Okla.

Epitaphs: Frank H. Williams, 458 New Scotland Ave., Albany 8, N.Y.

Fishing: Mrs. R. J. Richardson, 905 Seventh St., Grundy Center, Iowa.

Glassware: Sally Alice Unkles, Welsh Rd., Essex Falls, N.J. (salt dishes); Mrs. Mabel Epling, 619 New York Ave., Holton, Kan.; Mrs. Leonard Matheny, R. 2, Mayfield, Ky. (map drinking glasses); Mrs. W. H. Bishop, 1634 Fifth Ave., Antigo, Wis. (stopper bottles); Mrs. Jessie Sollers, P.O. Box 131, Cedar Vale, Iowa (plates).

Handkerchiefs: Shelby Pepper, Box 28, Dakota, Ill.

Hand-loading Rifles: Duane D. McCracken, 1845 Carolina Ave., Butte, Mont.

History: Mike Willis, Jr., R. 6, Box S64, Little Rock, Ark. (Civil War).

Horticulture: Mrs. Pennie Maxine Thomas, 710 E. Willard, Muncie, Ind. (roses); Mrs. J. C. Wilkinson, 810 Swope Ave., Colorado Springs, Colo. (cactus); Jack Berry, 115 Campo St., Roseville, Calif. (squash pumpkins); Mrs. Lewis Hughes, R. 2, Lynnville, Tenn. (cactus).

Knitting: Mrs. Ruby Gold, Box 34, Basalt, Colo.

Live Animals: Theola Colony, RR 3, Oxford, Iowa (horses); Barbara Patterson, R. 3, Box 1364, Auburn, Wash.; Michael Byrum, Mt. Union, Iowa (horses); Susan Cummins, 2205 Woodmont Blvd., Nashville, Tenn.

Menus: Sally Stinger, 833 First St., Rothschild, Wis.

Music: Gary C. Hyten, 307 E. 13th St., Wellington, Kan. (classical, semiclassical records); Robert McCreight, 1038 Bellefontaine Ave., Lima, Ohio (folk, square dance); Lou R. Goodman, c/o Wesley Foundation, 2398 Bancroft Way, Berkeley 4, Calif. (folk songs); Lynne Roupe and Shirley Schafer, Box 462, West Bend, Iowa (rock and roll records).

Pencils: G. E. Allerdings, Box 86, Selby, S.D.

Pennants: Leanna Marshall, RD 4, Honesdale, Pa.

Penny Banks: Dorinda E. Bowen, 1185 Farmington Ave., West Hartford 7, Conn.

Pictures: Sidney T. Wheeler, Stewartville, Minn. (railroad yards, locomotives).

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Your Well Being

By Dr. George W. Crane
Physician, psychiatrist, and author

Q I have been married nine years without having a baby. Medical tests show my husband and I are normal. What is wrong?

A You may have missed the ovulation date in your menstrual month. Researchers feel that a wife may conceive only within a limited time, such as 12 to 24 hours, during the month, so healthy but childless couples may have missed this fertile period just by chance. The average woman's most likely time to conceive is about the fifteenth day before her next menstrual onset.

Q Some physicians prescribe alcohol for heart patients. Is this wise?

A Latest research vetoes this old custom. Formerly, alcohol was advocated to help dilate the blood vessels of the heart. We now find that alcohol deadens heart pain, much as morphine does, and lets the patient overexert without feeling the dangerous warning signs.

Q My seven-year-old daughter has one eye crossed. Will she outgrow it?

A No, the condition probably will get worse unless you consult an eye doctor (ophthalmologist). He may first prescribe glasses to force the eye back into alignment. Surgery is an effective final resort. But have the eye straightened, otherwise your daughter will quit using it and it will become relatively blind. Besides, a crossed eye endangers the social happiness of children.

Q Is it healthful for a high-school boy to engage in regular athletics?

A Yes, if he starts out gradually and gets into condition. The heart grows larger and stronger by regular exercise, just as do the biceps. As the heart enlarges, its coronary arteries become bigger. A tiny float-

ing blood clot is not as likely to prove fatal if it happens to lodge in that coronary artery. And larger hearts beat more slowly. Such athletes may have a normal pulse of only 66 or 68, instead of 72, so their hearts get more rest between beats. Athletes' lung capacity also becomes greater, offering a wider safety margin in later life, as in the case of pneumonia.

Q I am bothered with insomnia and have become a sleeping-pill addict. How can I break this habit?

A Remember that insomnia is not fatal. The body gets the major value of sleep just by lying horizontally on a soft mattress. That rests the heart, since it is much easier to pump your blood then than up a vertical height of maybe six feet. Just recline and read something not exciting. You will soon drift off to sleep. A bowl of cereal or hot milk toast often helps produce drowsiness if consumed just before retiring.

Q I'm a housewife, five feet six, weighing 174. My blood pressure is 200. Would dieting reduce my blood pressure?

A Obese patients often lower their pressure half a point per pound just by taking off weight—and some show even greater benefits. If you were to get your weight down to 140, your blood pressure would likely drop below 180. But remember, some skinny people still have blood pressures above 250.

Q If the father of a baby had a venereal disease, could the baby inherit it?

A No, babies do not inherit germ diseases. However, they may be born with measles or similar ailments if the mother has the disease at the time of delivery. But the baby has contracted the disease from being in the womb, not from the chromosomes that determine inheritance. There is a vast difference.



Come, Will . . . we must go!

Company coming for dinner! If ever I needed to skip church, today was the day. Then the bells rang, their swelling crescendo insistent, reminding, rebuking . . .

I looked at Will . . . there was no need for words. We must go.



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New Church in Alaska



IN A FIELD near Kenai stands this abandoned log church built in 1846—three years before the gold rush to California. It's a reminder that once religion

was encouraged in Russia and zealous Orthodox missionaries carried Christianity afar.

Alaska was "Seward's Icebox" when in 1867 Secretary of State Seward purchased it from Russia for less than two cents an acre! Missionaries were encouraged, but few went. In 1886, Methodists started their missionary activities on the Shumagin Islands. But the going was slow.

But all is changed since World War II. Now Alaska pulses with new settlers. And in old circuit-riding tradition, Methodists are busily establishing new congregations. They now have 22 churches—of which the newest is at Kenai.

TOGETHER had a photographer there when the doors were first officially opened and Bishop A.



Kenai Church on the big day. Children from Metho.

Raymond Grant journeyed up from Seattle to assist the Rev. Wayne Hull at the dedication.

Kenai Methodists had worshiped at Soldotna, but in 1955 started to realize their dream for a sanctuary of their own. They got some help from the Board of Missions' Division of National Missions, but did much of the work themselves.

Kenai was in a ferment of excitement for weeks preceding dedication. Many big-little jobs—such as laying the flooring—must be finished. The choir must be rehearsed for special music. And of course the women would see to it that everybody should have plenty to eat. More than 300 persons attended the ceremonies—and as you can plainly see, it was quite an event at Kenai!



Kenai is at mouth of Kakan (Kenai) River along Cook Inlet. Church is in center of town, which supports an airport, two fish canneries. Paved roads lead to Seward, Anchorage.





ated Jessie Lee Home traveled 220 miles to take part in event.



The Rev. Fred McGinnis, superintendent, Methodist work in Alaska, Bishop A. Raymond Grant are met by the Rev. Wayne Hull, Kenai pastor (right).



Volunteers lay tile in the new church to help defray building expenses. Church and parsonage, both built of cedar, are valued at \$100,000. Funds for them were provided by the local congregation, the Division of National Missions, Board of Missions.



WSCS women prepare dinner for the services, and ready sandwiches and salad for a tea next day. The church has an exceptionally active woman's program.

New Church in Alaska



Man of dedication: Bishop Grant.



The church has 60 members, will seat about 150. By next May, the pastor will have completed three years' service in Alaska, will be eligible for three-month furlough. After that, he may elect to serve another three-year tour in the territory or he may return home. During their time in Alaska, Hull and other Methodist ministers retain affiliations with home conferences; Hull's is Central Kansas Conference.



Present choir averages 8 to 12 members, played an important role in consecration. At those rites, the Rev. Jack Middaugh, Moose Pass, and the Rev. David Blackburn, Anchor Park, assisted. To start an organ fund, First Methodist Church, Anchorage, has pledged \$100 gift.

Sunday-school classes continue to grow, now serve 110 children. Daily vacation Bible school drew 123 youngsters this year, only 16 or 17 two years ago. With an area population of 3,500, Kenai now has 400 school-age children and an acute shortage of classroom space, in spite of the newly completed school building near church. The church's basement offers two rooms which are used for classes during the week.





of the world parish

METHODISTS MAP 1958 EXPANSION STRATEGY

Soaring U.S. population is furlowing the brow of Methodist leaders. By 1984, Methodism's 200th anniversary, experts estimate the church may have between 12.5 and 15 million members. But will it have enough organized churches, Sunday schools, ministers, trained leaders?

Since 1900, membership has jumped about 20 per cent every 10 years. Figures for 1957, just released by the church's statistical office, show no slow-down.

Present membership totals, 9,566,629, including 26,872 clergymen. In the last year the church added 763,722 members, 378,031 on profession of faith. But losses by transfer, death, and pruning of church rolls cut the gain to 121,809, or a 1.24 per cent increase over 1956.

Five of the fastest-growing areas are Florida, Southern California-Arizona, Virginia, Oklahoma, and Texas. Florida and Southern California-Arizona annual conferences each showed a net gain of more than 10,600 members in the last year.

Church schools, too, are booming. Now more than 7 million attend 38, 146 church schools. Only 1,213 organized churches, out of 39,845, are without church schools.

What strategy is the church developing to meet its growth problems?

From March, 1958, to March, 1959, the big push will be on establishing new churches and Sunday schools in suburban and new industrial areas. Other aims: organize missions in neglected city and rural sections, reopen abandoned churches, improve facilities.

This drive has been mapped as part of a four-year program which began in 1956. Leaders are calling it the "year of expansion."

The current 12-month (March, 1957, to March, 1958) emphasis is on local church effectiveness. Reports indicate 76 per cent of all Methodist churches have launched studies to evaluate strengths and weaknesses.

Success in each phase will depend on local initiative, says Bishop Roy H. Short, Nashville, who is heading up the four-year program. But church boards and agencies will offer help.

Recently, in Minneapolis, the Coun-

cil on Evangelism drew up plans for "grass roots" evangelism. Among major events for 1958 are:

- A church-wide Week of Visitation March 2-9. Methodists, calling from house to house, hope to obtain 500,000 new members.
- A convocation on local-church evangelism July 3-6 in Washington, D.C. Up to 10,000 ministers and laymen are expected.

On Sunday, Oct. 20, the 500 visiting delegates teamed with 800 local Methodists to make a test run of house-to-house canvassing. Visiting thousands of homes in Minneapolis and St. Paul, they gained 943 new members and names of 3,376 prospects.

Robert G. Mayfield, general secretary, Board of Lay Activities, pledged the support of Methodist Men: "The 500,000 members of 11,100 Methodist Men organizations are eager to assist their pastors in this important task, and most of them have made evangelism their number-one project."

Bishop Gerald Kennedy of Los Angeles offered four-point counsel for local evangelists:

- "Don't make false promises. If we can't deliver, we hurt the cause of the church."
- "Give the straight news of the gospel. No oratory, no pronouncements, but just the facts."
- "Don't fear criticism and opposition."
- "Keep at it. We can rest when we get to heaven."

And, next Feb. 18-20, about 4,200 Methodist ministers and laymen will meet in Washington, D.C., to take a look at what is happening to churches in big cities. Urban church experts will report on data and conclusions reached after two years of research, and delegates will discuss the impact of urbanization on people.

Relief Aid Sets Records

Almost \$2 million, an all-time record, was received by the Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief in the last fiscal year, officials announced recently. Through MCOR, Methodists also chalked up two more records:

On Jan. 13 they gave \$1,060,659 to

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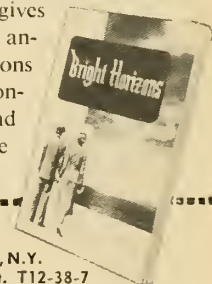
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That have no room for thee,
But cradles for the living Christ
And his nativity.

Still driven by a thousand cares
The pilgrims come and go;
The hurried caravans press on;
The inns are crowded so!

Here are the rich and busy ones,
With things that must be sold,
No room for simple things within
This hostelry of gold.

Yet hunger dwells within these
walls,
These shining walls and bright,
And blindness groping here and
there
Without a ray of light.

Oh, lest we starve, and lest we
die,
In our stupidity,
Come, holy child, within and
share
Our hospitality.

Let not our hearts be busy inns,
That have no room for thee,
But cradles for the living Christ
And his nativity.

BISHOP RALPH SPAULDING CUSHMAN, RETIRED

From I HAVE A STEWARDSHIP, ©
1939, Ralph S. Cushman, Abingdon Press

MCOR for Hungarian and other relief, the greatest sum ever donated for overseas relief in a single day.

Since 1953, they resettled 4,349 refugees, more than any other denomination in Church World Service, the National Council of Churches' international relief agency.

In addition, MCOR helped other denominations distribute 186 million pounds of surplus American food in 34 countries.

In spite of all relief efforts, nearly 1 million Arab refugees in the Middle East face starvation.

CWS officials report there are 6 million refugees still needing care in Europe, and more than 100,000 men, women, and children from Communist China are cramming into Hong Kong every year. The world total of refugees is 30 million, CWS says. Dr. R. Norris Wilson, CWS executive director, announced that CWS has set a goal of \$1 million for its 1958 Share-Our-Surplus program. This would enable CWS to send 300 million pounds of surplus food (valued at \$35 million).

Jews Are Soviet Target

The Soviet Union is making propaganda out of the desegregation crisis and ladling it out over the world—while waging a “massive-scale” discrimination campaign against its own 3 million Jews.

So charges Alan M. Strook, vice president, American Jewish Committee, in a report based on “consistent first-hand testimony by many people who have just reached the free world.” The Red campaign, he claims, is directed against Jews in employment, religion, and—tightest squeeze of all—in education.

Applications of Jewish students to high schools are being “quietly but systematically rejected by the authorities in charge of higher education,” the report finds. But the campaign, it adds, has failed “to wipe out the sense of Jewish identity among Russian Jews”; Soviet Jews, particularly the youth, “are more strongly Jews than ever.”

Father's Decline Hurts Church

Decline of father's authority is threatening the religious training of American children, a Presbyterian minister has warned Protestant theologians and educators.

The Rev. Robert W. Lynn, Denver, Colo., said the father's role no longer involves much religious training. “The mother is the religious educator of children,” he told a family life conference. “Yet she tends to see the church as one among many pressure groups and does not understand the uniqueness of the Christian faith or give it first priority.”



Poetic beauty or a monstrosity? Architect Walter A. Netsch points to a model of the Air Force chapel which has caused controversy in Congress.

Daring Design or Madness?

That controversial, ultramodern chapel proposed for the Air Force Academy near Colorado Springs, Colo., now has the backing of two groups in the National Council of Churches.

The Department of Worship and the Arts has joined its Commission of Architecture in approving the design.

But in Congress, many members are less favorable. Some have called it a “19-spined polished aluminum monstrosity,” “a rectangular accordion stretched out on the floor,” and “a deliberate insult to God Almighty.”

The House of Representatives last August approved a \$3-million appropriation after previously refusing to allocate funds.

Several leading architects are behind the plan. Pietro Belluschi, dean of the School of Planning and Architecture, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, says it represents the “coming age” and a match in poetic daring and beauty for the best of Gothic architecture. Alfred H. Barr, Jr., director of the Museum of Modern Art, New York, calls the design “brilliant and exciting.”

Methodist Giving Tops All

The \$2-billion mark for total giving to U.S. Protestant and Eastern Orthodox churches has been passed for the first time.

Contributions to 52 denominations totaled \$2,041,908,161 in 1956, according to the Rev. Thomas K. Thompson, executive director of the National Council of Churches' Department of Stewardship and Benevolence. Methodists gave the most to their churches:

\$413,893,955 from 9,444,820, an average of \$43.82 per member. Highest per-member contributors, with \$202.02, were the Seventh Day Adventists.

Of total giving \$1,655,039,930 was for local congregational expenses. Benevolence contributions, including foreign and home missions and relief abroad, amounted to \$386,868,231.

Pack Iron Curtain Churches

Behind the Iron Curtain, in Red China, in the Far East, and Africa, Methodism is meeting tests of the times. So report church officials from all over the world.

The first word in 18 years on the Methodist Church in Estonia (now Soviet dominated) tells of a spiritual awakening and of churches "filled to capacity." This information comes by way of a newsletter from Methodist Bishop Odd Hagen of Sweden.

Last official report on The Methodist Church in Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania was in 1939. There were then 2,237 Methodists in the three areas on 37 pastoral charges, and 49 Sunday schools with 2,261 enrolled.

In Red China, there is no freedom of worship says newsman William Worthy who visited there earlier this year. Worthy, a reporter for *The Baltimore Afro-American*, said recently that the minister of the Methodist church in Shanghai told him he was forbidden to preach upon politics or the social system.

The Rev. John T. Seamands, a missionary to India for 17 years, told the Methodist Council of Evangelism that Christian churches have developed enough Indian leaders to continue work effectively even if all missionaries are forced to leave.

Seamands said Methodism's four bishops in India, and ninety-five per cent of the district superintendents, school principals, and other leaders are nationals. He reported 594,000 Methodists in India with 675 grammar schools, 76 high schools, eight theological schools, two colleges, and 21 hospitals and dispensaries.

A second report on India was given by the Rev. Gerald B. Harvey, field consultant of the Methodist Joint Committee on Christian Education in Foreign Fields, at a recent committee meeting in Nashville. Harvey called for mobility in Indian missions—training nationals for leadership, but also giving them skills to work in various areas of mission work.

A report by Mrs. Floyd Shacklock, joint committee educational counselor, said churches in Japan and Africa are planning Sunday-school lessons for adults for the first time. This is part of an increased concern in Asian and African countries for adult religious education.



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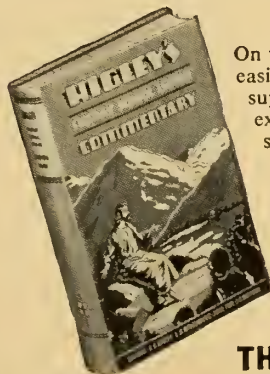
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Job for You? Need 8,000 Career People Every Year

The hard-pressed church is stepping up its program to recruit thousands for careers of Christian service.

In the last year, church leaders report, more than 100 conferences on Christian vocations have been held—a 15 per-cent increase over the previous year—and more than 105,000 copies of the official vocations booklet, *Methodist Service Projects*—a 40 per-cent increase—were sold.

But dire need remains. In the ministry alone, 1,200 men are needed yearly to replace ministers who die or retire. In addition, 1,600 are needed for new churches and other expanded services. At present, the 10 Methodist theological seminaries cannot graduate even the minimal 1,200.

More than 2,800 ministers a year are needed, however. Church leaders say we need 100 deaconesses, 250 directors of Christian education in local churches, 245 religious directors in colleges, 3,000 nurses, 1,000 other medical and social workers, and 350 missionaries.

These figures represent a minimum every year. The Board of Missions, for example, has announced 662 openings for missionaries, but has given 350 as its "realistic" goal.

How is the church tackling this task?

It's using the latest aptitude tests and personnel policies.

Nationally, the Interboard Committee on Christian Vocations, Nashville, is the clearinghouse for recruitment problems. Recently the committee elected 45-year-old Marcus J. Birrell,

president of Wesley College, Grand Forks, N.D., as executive secretary.

Locally, each church is asked to do all it can. Among national-committee suggestions:

- Distribute the *Self Study Guide* of the Board of Education's Youth Department and *Methodist Service Projects*.

- Send interested young people to vocations conferences.

- Direct them to Methodist colleges and seminaries.

- Keep in touch with youths at college and in military service.

Vocations conferences are assuming increasing importance. Most are sponsored by annual conferences, like the one in West Virginia Conference which 80 high-school and college students attended. The three-day meeting, held at West Virginia Wesleyan College, cost each student \$6.50 plus travel expenses. Conference boards paid the rest of the bill.

Seminars covered the ministry, missions, hospitals and homes, communications, Christian education, social work, and ministry of music. Wesleyan officials co-operated in giving vocational-aptitude tests.

West Virginia Conference keeps tab on its promising young people by a program of continuous aptitude testing, in which interested students go to Wesleyan for a two-day period four times a year for more tests. The conference Commission on Christian Vocations pays each student's round-trip fare and the college assumes living expenses.

Heads Civil Rights Body

Two Methodist laymen and the dean of a Methodist law school have been named to the new Civil Rights Commission by President Eisenhower. And in the United Nations, at least five Methodists now are holding important positions connected with the 12th General Assembly.

Methodists on the Civil Rights Commission are Stanley F. Reed, former Supreme Court justice, and J. Ernest Wilkins, assistant secretary of labor. Robert G. Storey, commission member and dean of Southern Methodist University Law School, is a member of the Christian Church (Disciples of Christ).

Reed, 72, was named chairman of the six-man commission, created by Congress as part of its civil-rights legislation. He was one of the justices who ruled in 1954 that racial segregation in public schools is unconstitutional. He is a member of Maysville, Ky., Methodist Church.

Wilkins, former Chicago lawyer and first Negro to occupy a sub-cabinet post, is president of the Methodist Judicial

Council, one of the highest layman's posts in the church.

The UN's prominent Methodists now include: Selwyn Lloyd, British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs and

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Francis W. Carpenter, U.S. newsman at the UN and a Methodist, takes a break from proceedings to chat with fellow Methodists Miss Alice S. Lin, Nationalist China, and Dr. Helen Kim (center), representing Republic of South Korea.

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chairman of the United Kingdom delegation to UN; Dr. E. Ronald Walker, permanent Australian UN representative (both are sons of Methodist ministers); Dr. Helen Kim, special Korean representative; Alice S. Lin, adviser to the Nationalist China delegation; Francis W. Carpenter, former Associated Press correspondent, and now director of U.S. mission news services at the UN.

Combat Red Youth Threat

There is evidence of new Catholic-Protestant co-operation.

In East Germany, where church-state tension has been mounting, Protestant and Catholic leaders are joining forces against the latest Communist threat—"a device to wean children away from religion."

Both groups are warning parents against allowing children to take part in Communist youth-dedication ceremonies—"an atheistic counterpart of Christian confirmation and first communion." Heretofore, participation has been voluntary. But next spring, under a new Red crackdown, nearly all teenagers must take part.

Catholic-Protestant opposition was spurred by the arrest of Protestant Dean Arnold Maercker whom the Reds labeled as a "reactionary clergyman." The Evangelical dean brought down Communist wrath by refusing to bury a girl who took part in the Red rites.

In the Western Hemisphere, a new Anglican liberal-arts college at Windsor, Ont., has become an affiliate of Assumption University, a Roman Catholic school. The new school will be called Canterbury College. Both groups predict the experiment will work. One reason, says a Catholic spokesman, is that "we recognize our differences frankly and openly."

How far has co-operation advanced? Protestants and Catholics now are at the "plain ignorance" stage, observes a Jesuit theologian. They no longer believe "silly" things about each other—but have far to travel in recognizing basic differences.

Meantime, Pope Pius XII and other speakers at the second World Congress on the Lay Apostolate urged co-operation with non-Catholic organizations. And a Reform Jewish leader in Pittsburgh appealed to the U.S. Catholic hierarchy to "extend a warmer hand" to the movement for "good will and co-operation" among Protestants, Catholics, and Jews.

Pop Songs Lack Substance

Is Tin Pan Alley "religious" music really religious?

Two Methodist bishops say no, and one of them—Bishop Richard C. Raines, Indianapolis—says the music trend indicates a dangerous attempt to

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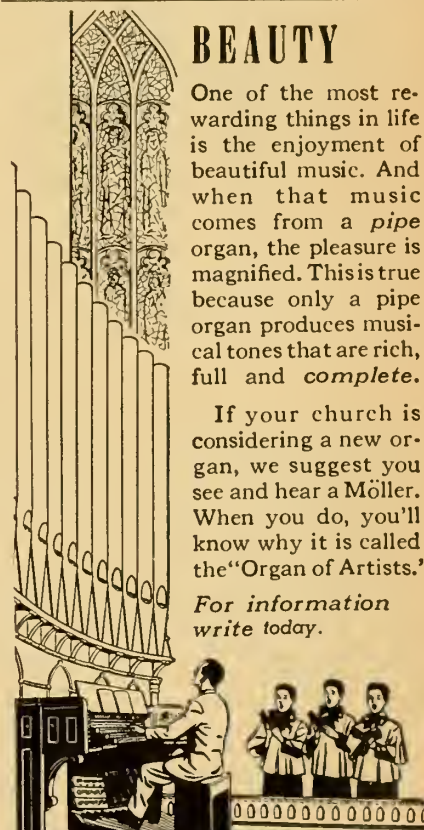
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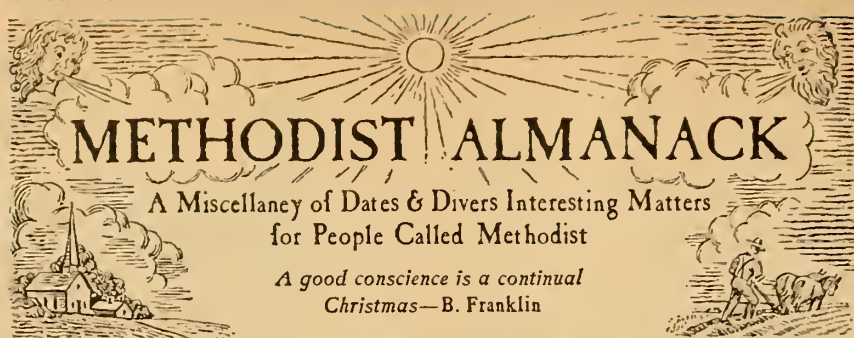
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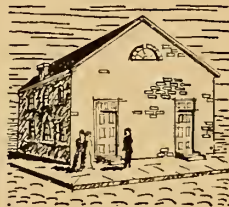
DECEMBER hath XXXI days

12th Month

Heap on more wood!—the wind is chill;
 But let it whistle as it will,
 We'll keep our Christmas merry still.—Sir W. Scott

- | | | |
|----|----|--|
| 15 | S | Bill of Rights Day |
| 16 | M | Methodist evangelist G. Whitefield b. 1714 |
| 17 | Tu | Dickens' <i>A Christmas Carol</i> published, 1843 |
| 18 | W | C. Wesley born 250 years ago today |
| 19 | Th | G. Washington encamps at Valley Forge, 1777 |
| 20 | Fr | Arc lamps make Broadway
"Great White Way," 1880 |
| 21 | Sa | Bar the shutters! Winter arrives, 9:49 p. m. |
| 22 | S | World Service Sunday |
| 23 | M | Read children Luke 2:1-21 |
| 24 | Tu | Birth date of American Methodism, 1784 |
| 25 | W | Christmas Day |
| 26 | Th | Honor Christmas in thy heart,
and keep its spirit all the year |
| 27 | Fr | Methodist Student Conference, Lawrence, Kan. |
| 28 | Sa | Iowa, 29th state, enters Union, 1846 |
| 29 | S | Student Recognition Sunday |
| 30 | M | Knights of Labor (1st big union) begins, 1869 |
| 31 | Tu | New Year's Eve: <i>Silence is the best resolve
for him who distrusts himself</i> |

■ Over 60 of America's 83 Methodist circuit riders met in Baltimore's Lovely Lane Chapel for famed Christmas Conference, where Methodist Episcopal Church was formed. A few weren't notified in time because Freeborn Garrettson, riding to summon preachers to the meeting, was too fond of preaching en route.



JANUARY hath XXXI days

1st Month

Be at war with your vices,
 At peace with your neighbors,
 And let every New Year
 find you a better man.—B. Franklin

- | | | |
|----|----|---|
| 1 | W | Lincoln signs Emancipation Proclamation, 1863 |
| 2 | Th | Write your Christmas thank-you notes |
| 3 | Fr | Board of Missions meets, Buck Hill Falls, Pa. |
| 4 | Sa | Thermometer freezes at Montpelier, Vt., 1835 |
| 5 | S | Universal Week of Prayer |
| 6 | M | Epiphany: 12th day after Christmas |
| 7 | Tu | U. S. holds first presidential election, 1789 |
| 8 | W | Forget not our friends, the birds |
| 9 | Th | Suffragist Carrie Chapman Catt b. 1859
(She founded the League of Women Voters) |
| 10 | Fr | Radar round trip to moon, 2.6 sec., 1946 |
| 11 | Sa | New England gets Indian school, 1651 |
| 12 | S | Love, and a cough, cannot be hid |
| 13 | M | Methodist Board of Education meets, Cincinnati |
| 14 | Tu | Philosopher-physician-missionary-theologian-musician-author Albert Schweitzer b. 1875 |

■ Headmaster was the Rev. Experience Mayhew, a Puritan. His sect, despite diligence, had little success converting Indians—settlers would grab land one day, preach contradictory Christian doctrine the next. Legend has it that Brother Mayhew once approached a tribal leader, declaring, "I want to convert your pagans to Christianity." Replied the skeptical chief-tain: "Better convert your own Christians first!"

"use God as a sleeping pill, a shot in the arm, or an Aladdin's lamp."

These songs, warns Bishop Raines, are symptomatic of some current thinking. People decide what they want, then call on God to help, whereas "in true religion God decides and man seeks God's will."

Too many popular songs, says Bishop Paul E. Martin, Little Rock, "present religion in dreamy, comforting, pleasurable, soothing aspects, not as a dedicated, striving faith."

Tin Pan Alley's brand of "religion" would never make a hit with Charles Wesley, one of the world's greatest hymn writers, said Bishop Martin. Wesley would demand more substance to his religion.

To find out just what is the impact of so-called "religious" themes used in popular media, the National Council of Churches next year will launch a special study. The council's Department of Worship and the Arts has been handed the assignment.

South Opposes Abolition of Central Jurisdiction

Several Southern Methodist leaders have served notice they are "completely committed" to the church's present governmental machinery. And, they add, they are firmly opposed to integration of the Central (Negro) Jurisdiction with five white jurisdictions (geographical).

This is the majority opinion of 219 lay and clergy witnesses who testified at recent public hearings in Atlanta, Louisville, Montgomery, and Charlotte.

Advocates of "no change" presented these arguments:

- When Methodism's three branches united in 1939, they entered an unbreakable "holy compact." Its cornerstone: the system of regional (jurisdictional) government. The agreement, says a retired bishop, Clare Purcell, Birmingham, recognized the "principle of diversity within unity . . . without this guarantee the South never would have sanctioned union."

- The system is best for whites and Negroes because it protects minority rights, both regional and racial.

- The system affords Negroes more voice in general church affairs—representation on boards and agencies and in the episcopacy—than they could expect as a small minority in integrated annual conferences.

- The system permits much-needed regional organization, serves as a strong link among General Conference (top lawmaking body), general agencies, and annual conferences.

- The system provides the best method of electing and assigning bishops—by those who know their leaders best.

- The race problem will not be solved

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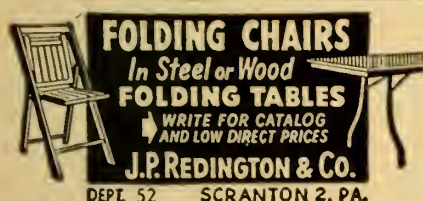
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by changing the governmental setup. Several speakers predicted walkouts by thousands of Methodists, and even rebirth of the old Methodist Episcopal Church, South, if the Central Jurisdiction is abolished. Eight Southern bishops, in a 30-page statement, pointed out legal problems in the path of any change. Revision, they said, would mean wholesale rewriting of the church constitution; property held by the Southeastern Jurisdiction would be tied up in litigation for years.

In Montgomery, witnesses lined up 100 per cent against change. But in the other cities some voiced dissenting views. In Charlotte, the Rev. Jack Crum and A. V. Huff, Jr., president of the South Carolina Methodist Youth Fellowship, urged gradual union of white and Negro conferences.

At Atlanta, eight persons advocated abolishing the Central Jurisdiction, but they also favored the regional system as a powerful promotional tool.

Hearings now have been held in 24 cities from coast to coast. (See stories in November TOGETHER, pages 9, 61.)

Bingo Wins First Round

First round in a vigorous fight by New York state Protestant churches to defeat legalized bingo was lost by 700,000 votes in the November elections. Second round comes up in 1958 local elections, where bingo must be approved before it can be played.

Nevertheless, church leaders hailed the more than 1 million votes cast against the amendment. The New York State Council of Churches spearheaded the campaign against the measure in nearly 4,000 Protestant congregations. The council's stand was based largely on the conviction that gambling is morally wrong.

Aligned with the council were such groups as the YMCA, New York State Grange and the New York Board of Rabbis. Backing the amendment were the American Legion, Veterans of Foreign Wars, Volunteer firemen, and other fraternal organizations and church groups, principally Catholic and Jewish.

New York Area Bishop Frederick B. Newell saw the vote as a clash of opposing social convictions rather than a clear-cut Protestant-Catholic issue.

The Rev. Kenneth Roadarmel, NYSCC executive secretary, promised that the council will do "everything in our power to help each local council of churches and its community as they may face this bingo fight in local option."

New York is the ninth state to legalize bingo and similar games of chance.

Bingo play has been estimated at \$1 billion each year (\$20 million in New York).

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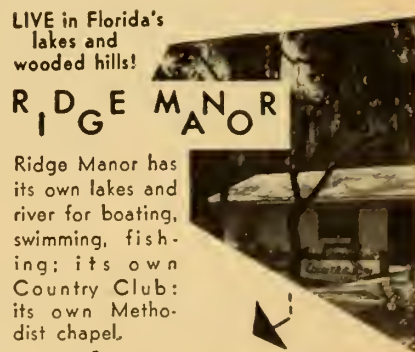
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\$20 million Protestant Center in New York City as it will look in 1960.

Build New Protestant Center

A 19-story Protestant center is slated for the Morningside Heights area of New York City.

The \$20-million building, scheduled for completion by 1960, will house offices of denominational boards and agencies, the National Council of Churches, and the World Council of Churches.

Methodists will occupy three floors. About 350 persons will be employed there by the Board of Missions, Methodist Information, and the Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief.

"The Board of Missions was unanimous in its decision to take space in the new Interchurch Center," said Dr. Robert T. Henry, the board's business manager. "We anticipate a new day for ecumenical co-operation and better understanding when the denominations can work more closely together."

The center will be near Riverside Church, Columbia University, and Union Theological Seminary.

NEWS DIGEST

SINS OF DRIVING. A tract on this timely subject will be published by the Episcopal Diocese of Rhode Island.

RUM AND WOMEN. After protest by church groups, women will no longer be pictured in ads for Puerto Rican rum.

FREEDOM STAMP. A three-cent stamp honoring religious freedom will be issued at Flushing, N.Y., Dec. 27, the 300th anniversary of the Flushing Remonstrance, believed to be the first U.S. declaration of religious liberty.

FAMILY AFFAIR. Some 3,000 parents and church workers are expected to attend the "Faith, Freedom, and Family" rally when the third National Methodist Conference meets next Oct.

17-19, at Chicago's Conrad Hilton hotel.

HIGHEST AWARD. Mrs. Helen C. Waters, business figure and Methodist laywoman of Cambridge, Md., has won the highest award of the National Association of Negro Business and Professional Women's Club, for service and achievement.

TOP LAYMAN. John G. Ramsey, United Steelworkers Union and AFL-CIO official, is the first labor leader to win National Capital Council of Churches' Layman of the Year award in council's 20-year history.

CROSS STAYS. Hoping to end a prolonged controversy, the Minnesota State Centennial Commission will retain the cross in its 1958 statehood centennial emblem. It rejected a bid to substitute an unadorned church spire.

HEIFER PROJECT. The church-supported Heifer Project, Inc., has shipped more than 10,000 head of cattle to 34 countries since 1944, when it was formed to send livestock to war-ruined lands.

METHODIST HOSPITAL. Contracts for construction of a \$6 million addition to Dallas (Tex.) Methodist Hospital have been awarded. Construction will take 20 to 24 months.

JAMBOREE. In a three-day series of rallies, over 25,000 persons jammed college stadiums, auditoriums, and high schools in Nashville, Tenn., supporting the Fellowship of Christian Athletes' sports jamboree. Services also were held in the state penitentiary for 900 prisoners.

METHODIST NURSE. Selection of "Miss Methodist Student Nurse" will be a high light of the convention of the National Association of Methodist Hospitals and Homes, in Chicago, Feb. 11-13. Contest is open to 53 U.S. Methodist schools of nursing.

GOOD SIGN. Six of seven persons elected to the city's Board of Directors of Little Rock, Ark., are active church workers. Among them: Mrs. Edgar F. Dixon, Sunday school teacher in Winfield Methodist Church. The Board has privilege of naming one of its members as mayor.

ONCE METHODIST in character and attendance, weekly services for Capitol Hill workers will be held on an interdenominational and interracial basis hereafter. Services are in Simpson Memorial Chapel of the Methodist building, across the plaza from the U.S. Capitol. Negro ministers are being invited to participate.

Shopping



Psychology Towels—For small fry going through the "bath-no" phase. Towel sets imprinted with colorful animals and their OWN names help change "Aw, Gee" into "Oh, Boy!" White terry 20x40-inch towel, 12-inch face cloth, \$1.98. Print name. *Ward Phillips, Dept. T, Carpentersville, Ill.*

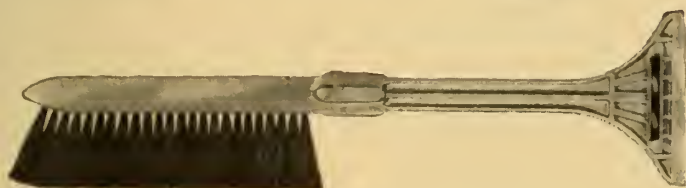


Pure Whimsey—Goodwill Trio whimsically reminds you to think positively. Paste on letters in unexpected places; make your own thank-you cards, or give post cards personality. Black print on white gold-edge gummed paper; 1½-inch long pads in useful clear plastic box. Mixed, 500 for \$1. *Bruce Bolind, 111 Bolind Bldg., Montrose 28, Calif.*

TOGETHER

Gift shops all over the country are a postage stamp away when you go SHOPPING TOGETHER. These items are recommended. But your money will be refunded if you aren't satisfied and return items promptly (except personalized). Prices are postpaid; kindly enclose payment.

Useful Beauty—Simplicity and serenity mark these Spanish-crafted *Castile pitchers*. They'll bring quiet drama to a dull corner, or hold a bouquet, or grace your table as dripless pitchers for sirups, milk, hot, cold drinks. Polished aluminum retains mirror-like finish. Handles contrast. Pint, \$1; quart, \$2; 2-quart, \$3. *Martha Schiller, Dept. J-194, 180 N. Wacker, Chicago, Ill.*



Driver's Buddy—When snow blows, Dad just whisks it off the car with this handy tool that combines snow brush, rubber squeegee, and ice scraper. *Snow-tool kit* fills a winter safety need. Comes apart for storage in glove compartment. \$1. *Page & Biddle, Dept. T, 21 Station Rd., Haverford, Pa.*



Navajo Squaw Boots—Unusual, but authentic. These boots for lounging are as comfortable as an "old shoe." Fine when winter nips your toes. You will want to wear them everywhere. Have white sole, heel lift, airfoam insole, nickel buttons. Cream, white, turquoise, or black smooth glove leather. Rust suede. Sizes 4-9, \$5.95. *Western Art-crafts, Dept. T-2, 12 E. Pikes Peak Ave., Colorado Springs, Colo.*



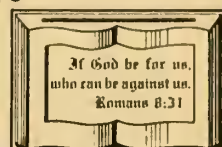
Popcorn Time!—This popcorn set helps make it family time, whether you've gathered for a TV snack, or for making popcorn strings and balls. With this simple spun-aluminum popper that requires no shaking, even the children may do the popping. It's useful too as a bun warmer, cookie jar, or fruit, salad, or serving bowl. Includes measuring cup, 4 small bowls. Atom Pop, \$3.95. *Quin-Craft Products, Dept. T, Quincy, Kan.*



12 WOODCARVING KNIVES \$1.98

Never before have we seen such a deluxe set of woodcarving knives at such a low price! Sturdy 4 1/2" handle fits comfortably in palm. Average length of these highly tempered steel chisels is 5 3/4", assorted round, parting, right and left. Ideal for woodcarving and sculpturing, linoleum block printing, silk-screening, etc. Handsome gift box. Buy several sets for gifts. Knives like these sell up to \$1.00 each. Our price is \$1.98 plus 25¢ postage and handling. *ANN BAILEY, Dept. T-127, 513 S. Richman, Fullerton, California.*

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Dr. Gordon Bachlund

Let's Get Acquainted

Southern Californians have watched the amazing growth of Messiah Sunday for 10 years now, but few know that the man who originated and promotes that annual jubilee has been blind for six of those years. With the aid of a guide dog, **Dr. Gordon Bachlund** continues to work tirelessly. **Ralph Freese**, who wrote 'Hallelujah' Rings Out in California (page 31), has sung in most of the festivals and was formerly minister of music at Grace Methodist Church, Long Beach.

Remember **Norman Rockwell's** Thanksgiving painting in our November, 1956, issue? That was a memorable one, as is the artist's masterful *Freedom of Worship* on page 17 of this issue. Rockwell's secret? Well, his models are everyday people who have lived full lives through good times and bad. Of those who posed for *Freedom of Worship*, one woman had struggled for years to rear nine children; another had recently been widowed. One man had lost a son in war. But none had lost faith. "It would be difficult," Rockwell says, "to paint individuals who have lost their faith. I could sketch the outline of their faces, but the inner glow that gives them character would be missing."

Just 12 issues ago we decorated the first Christmas tree in *TOGETHER's* new offices. Now, for the second time, we are stringing shiny tinsel. Our staff has grown, as the magazine has grown, until every section is represented. We come from little towns, big cities, farms. And we will be thinking about home folks and friends far away as we trim the office tree this year. We wish all of you could be with us during this, the most sacred of seasons. But, next best, we want to share with you the joyous assurance that came from that radiant star over Bethlehem. As surely as it shone there nearly 2,000 years ago, it shines for us all today.

Anyone who loves Christian art—and who doesn't?—owes a special debt to the Rev. Henri Ferger. Mr. Ferger is the skilled lensman who took the photographs of the Indian paintings which you're sure to enjoy on pages 35-42. A Presbyterian missionary, he set up a special studio at Methodism's Indian centenary exhibit in Lucknow, and photographed over 200 entries. And now you're seeing the best of them—appropriately, at the Christmas season.

PHOTO CREDITS

Credits are separated from left to right by comma; top to bottom by dash; bot., bottom; cen., center; exc., except; lf., left; rt., right.

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FLORIDA REAL ESTATE

WRITE FOR PARTICULARS. Reverend Henry Liddicoat, Registered Broker, 305 South Florida Avenue, Lakeland, Florida.

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HOUSEPARENTS 25-45 to live in cottage with 20 boys in Protestant home near Milwaukee. Man to counsel and assist in program. Experience unnecessary. Wife has no cooking or housework. Same position for single man. Write: Norris Foundation, Mukwonago, Wisconsin.

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SEE HOLY LAND NOW! Our eighth tour. Five weeks beginning June 17. Including Luxor, Babylon, Petra, Ephesus, Crete, etc. Also Christmas tour. Directed by Bible Professors. Budget priced. Time payments. Write or call 3751. Bible Lands Seminars, Box 3-TL, Wilmore, Ky.

BISHOP GERALD KENNEDY RECOMMENDS the Sixty-eight day European Tour personally conducted by Dr. Wendell Miller. Thirty Years a member of Southern California-Arizona Conference. Sails from New York June 21st. Write for information. 11 Surrey Lane, Rolling Hills, California.

ADVENTURE IN CHRISTIAN UNDERSTANDING—Middle East and European Seminar, 1958. Easter in Jerusalem. Visit ten countries throughout the Middle East and Europe. Interviews with representative leaders—Cultural events—Sightseeing. Chartered bus for travel on continent. Transoceanic travel on regularly scheduled commercial airlines. First class hotels. 50 Days, New York to New York—March 31-May 19, 1958—\$1,895. For information write to Seminar Leader, EVERETT W. PALMER, Minister FIRST METHODIST CHURCH, 134 North Kenwood Street, Glendale 6, California. Apply at once.

VISIT ENCHANTING OLD MEXICO this winter—two superb itineraries, both beginning in San Antonio, Texas. Feb. 3-24, 1958. Monterrey, Mexico City, Acapulco, Western section. Our 38th trip. Feb. 26-Mar. 19—New itinerary, down west coast highway. Mazatlan, Guadalajara, Acapulco, Mexico City. All by private automobile and personally conducted. Write for brochure. Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Powell, 8016 El Capitan Drive, La Mesa, California.

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DOCTOR, GENERAL PRACTICE, needed urgently, in Dana, Indiana. Population 900. Very good potential. Write Dana Methodist Church.

MISCELLANEOUS

ATTENTION: PRACTICAL SHOPPERS. Do you look for utility as well as beauty when you buy? Then you'll like *SHOPPING TOGETHER*, your family mail order section, in this issue. Items are selected each month with usefulness and quality in mind. All items in *SHOPPING TOGETHER* have a money-back guarantee, so it's practical to shop by mail. Let's go *SHOPPING TOGETHER* on pages 72 and 73.

Help Mom Make This a Merry Christmas



First thing is to help Mom whip up the frosting in gay colors. Then comes the fun of decorating the cookies in your own way.

"UMM! CHRISTMAS cookies!"
Can't you just taste 'em now? Well, you can help make them, too, just like the children in the picture at left. The picture below shows the cookies after they were all decorated. Bobby put his name on one cookie and someone else turned a gingerbread boy into a gay Santa Claus with a coconut beard. Can you think of other ways to decorate Christmas cookies? Now turn the page to see another way to help Mom make a Merry Christmas.



Here's how your own cookies will look—as pretty as a bright sugar-plum tree!



What You Can Do At Your House

LOOK AT the beautiful Christmas ornaments this little girl helped to make for her home. She made them from plastic foam, paper doilies, ribbon, rick-rack, and other odds and ends, same as you probably have around your house. The boy and girl in the picture below made a paper chain from leftover bits of Christmas wrapping paper. You can also make shiny chains from aluminum foil fastened with cellophane tape. Perhaps you can hang them on the Christmas tree or in your bedroom. And don't forget to clean up afterward—that's one of the most important ways of helping Mom!

More fun! Make your Christmas tree the very best ever with pinwheels, mobiles, and many other sparkling ornaments.

Run a race with Brother making colorful paper chains. They're quick and easy—and you can make them just as long as you like.

A Christmas Eve Prayer

Dear Father, when your baby Son
Came down to earth one day,
He had a manger for his bed,
A pillow made of hay.

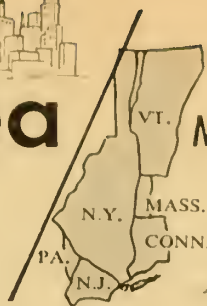
Dear God, if he should come
again,
Oh, let him come to me;
My bed and pillow he shall have,
My home his home shall be.

—LUCY GRAY KENDALL
Children's Prayers, Upper Room



New York Area

Bishop Frederick B. Newell, 150 Fifth Avenue,
New York 11, N. Y.



TOGETHER • DECEMBER 1957

NEWS of Your Church in Action

Editor: Margaret F. Donaldson

150 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, N. Y.

Struggling Church Gets Helping Hand

Members of First Church, Schenectady, celebrated their 150th anniversary with a special gesture of friendship toward a neighboring church in dire need of funds. While paying \$700 per week toward the cost of their own new building, they contributed \$1,200 to help lift the debt from the Friendship Baptist Church, which faced a payment of \$3,000 on a note by Dec. 1.

The Rev. J. Edward Carothers recalled the struggle of First Church to survive the panic of 1873, the year after the present structure was built, and suggested that members observe the church's anniversary by extending a practical token of friendship to a neighboring struggling parish.

In connection with the anniversary, the history of the church was written for three consecutive issues of the parish paper. Bishop Newell delivered the anniversary address.

Sherer is also president of the board of trustees of Berkeley Institute; treasurer and trustee of the Brooklyn YWCA; director, Knickerbocker Federal Savings and Loan Association; and director, Guarantee Title and Mortgage Company. He is a graduate of Yale University.

Gillespie is a member of the New York State Society of Certified Public Accountants; member of National Association of Accountants; past president, Brooklyn Chapter of National Association of Accountants; and a former member of the Joint Tax Committee of the Brooklyn Chamber of Commerce. He is a graduate of Dartmouth College and also has the degree of Master of Business Administration from New York University.

Re-enact Historical Event

A pageant depicting the events leading up to and following the posting of Luther's *Ninety-five Theses* was the highlight of a Reformation Day service held by the Irvington (N.J.) Council of Churches.

Twenty-two young people representing 10 member churches participated.

"Be Not Conformed" was the subject of an address by the Rev. Emory Bucke, book editor of Abingdon Press. Host pastor was the Rev. F. J. Yetter, who wrote and directed the pageant.

Name Kirchner to Post

Dr. Frederick K. Kirchner of Delmar, Troy Conference lay leader, was elected to the General Board of Lay Activities by the Council of Bishops in Gatlinburg, Tenn. He succeeds W. Carl Walton of West Orange, N.J., former lay leader of the Newark Conference.

Dr. Kirchner is a member of Calvary Church, Albany, where he teaches the adult class in the church school. He is an organic research chemist at the Sterling Winthrop Institute in Rensselaer and appears frequently on radio and television panels. He holds a doctor of philosophy degree from Ohio State University.



Frank C. Bensing painted this portrait of the late Rev. Howard C. Ackley, for 11 years president of Green Mountain College. It will hang in Ackley Hall.

Unveil Ackley's Portrait

A portrait of the late Rev. Howard C. Ackley, president of Green Mountain College, was recently unveiled.

The portrait will hang in the Ackley Hall lounge; this is a new dormitory on the Poughkeepsie, N.Y., campus.

Painted by Frank C. Bensing, the portrait was presented to the college by Harry Winne, vice-chairman of the college board of trustees and former vice-president of General Electric.

The Rev. Leon N. Adkins of the General Board of Education, a life-long friend of Dr. Ackley's, conducted a memorial service Nov. 24. Dr. Ackley was president from 1946 until his death Oct. 23.

New Faces in New Places

New York East Conference:

Robert Clark to Springdale, Conn.

Lowell B. Johnson to Pleasant Valley, Conn.

Troy Conference:

Frank Brandon, Jr., to Schuylerville-Quaker Springs, N. Y.

New York Conference:

John B. Glenwood to Philmont, N. Y.

Newark Conference:

John Dexheimer to Hillsdale, N. J.

Hospital Fund Growing

Howard E. Isham, chairman of the building fund committee of Methodist



Mr. Gillespie



Mr. Sherer

Hospital of Brooklyn, announced that to date \$3,650,000 has been raised of the \$5,400,000 needed to build the new Stanley H. Miner Pavilion now under construction. Financing of the remaining \$1,750,000 is expected to be completed by the time the new building is dedicated at the end of 1958.

Two new members have been elected to the board of managers: Frank A. Sherer, vice-president of the Chemical Corn Exchange Bank, and Thomas V. Gillespie, treasurer of the General Baking Company.

And He Is There!

Many years ago, actually I believe it was in the year 1929, there was in the city of New York a Methodist periodical known as *The Methodist Messenger*, which has long since gone out of existence. In the Christmas issue for that year, shortly after the collapse of the stock market, your bishop wrote an editorial. The other day through the kindness of the New York City Society which had kept the article through the passing 28 years, I received a copy of the message and I am taking the liberty of repeating it here in the 1957 Christmas edition of the New York Area Supplement.



IN A MANGER

In a manger—how strange the place! Coarse, rough straw against His skin, cattle munching constantly, low, vaulted ceiling—cobweb hung—flickering smoky flame, odors too. How strange a place for him!

Christmas—and once again we renew the search begun so many years ago by wise men. Where, then, shall we seek—we who live in a city without mangers? Is there still some strange place where wise men of our age must search for Him?

Scarcely in these great city towers of steel and stone—they differ so from mangers—and yet He may be found just there. At night dimly lighted halls, great empty rooms, hollow sounds, and a woman on hands and knees scrubbing. And there too is He holding the scrub pail.

Hardly in the stock market—men jabbing viciously at each other's fortunes, noise, confusion, din, great puffed fortunes strutting about, wounded ones staggering home. And there too is He, His bent form caring for wounds inflicted by lovelessness.

Home of wealth ablaze with light, fireplace burning, tinsled tree, jewels, furs, music, dancing, feasting, drinking, playing—could He find entrance there? Away upstairs a lonesome boy saying his prayers, and He is standing near.

Or in a vast cathedral, tolling bell, stately organ, choirs of music rising, falling, altars lighted, priestly tones, praying people, tortured minds, broken hearts seeking God. And He is there; for He too turns aside to pray.

And—in the manger of our hearts
For to Him no heart is strange.

Times have changed a good deal in these 28 years, yet by and large the words written are applicable today. When I wrote those words I surely never suspected I would one day be the Bishop of the New York Area. Now time has flown! How responsibilities have changed! Nevertheless He has not changed. I believe He still walks the streets of this great city pleading for its people, who now are even more crowded together and who ever look with hope to the One who alone can redeem their lives from emptiness and frustration. May I with this Christmas message extend to each and everyone everywhere throughout the area a sincere wish for a happy, holy Christmas.

BISHOP FREDERICK BUCKLEY NEWELL



Brownie, small pal of Vivian Denlinger, 5, reflects Vivian's joy at prospect of being well again. Vivian has been unable to attend Sunday school because of a serious heart ailment. The Wesleyan Service Guild at Browne Memorial Church, Jersey City, raised \$300 toward \$2,500 needed for special surgery at University of Minnesota Hospital. This appealing picture then appeared in the *Daily Mirror* with Vivian's story, and the family won \$650 on television's "Strike It Rich," with the aid of the Rev. H. Myron Braun.

Tedium or Te Deum?

False elation, too much leisure, and a sense of tedium are three characteristics of modern man which a minister must deal with to be a successful preacher, Bishop Newell told the Sixth Annual Ministers' Institute at Drew University, Madison, N. J.

Speaking on the topic, "The Minister as Communicator," Bishop Newell referred to the estimate of contemporary life made by Clifton Fadiman in his book, *Any Number Can Play*.

"Today," he said, "mankind is constantly gorged with a mess of undigested pottage dished up by the mass communicators. And this poses a problem for the preacher who is also a communicator, for he preaches to a congregation suffering from mental indigestion."

"But now, barring war, revolution, or economic bust, the age of leisure is upon us. The 30-hour week is just around the corner. The 20-hour week is just around the next corner," Fadiman said.

"And this, of course, brings me to Mr. Fadiman's third word which is tedium—for, of course, not having prepared himself for leisure, man now finds himself in the awful state of bore-

dom that is dismal tedium. America is on the verge of accepting tedium as an integral part of life just as the Russians accept domination as an integral part of their lives.

"This then is your Sunday congregation—ill with tedium—bored with stimuli. In such an hour the task of the preacher is to substitute Te Deum for Tedium. Te Deum—Thou God. Te Deum laudamus—We praise thee, God.

"Substitute God, the omniscient, who not only knows, but can make you know. Substitute Te Deum for the illness of Tedium which floods the world with tranquilizers and with cosmetics trying to make people look happy when they are not. Your forefathers did it and it turned out pretty well," Bishop Newell said.

"We suffer from an excess of stimuli while at the same time we suffer from a deficiency of thoughts. We suffer from excessive control of environment. Man could not be creative even though he had the energy to be so, which he has not.

Sockman Honored

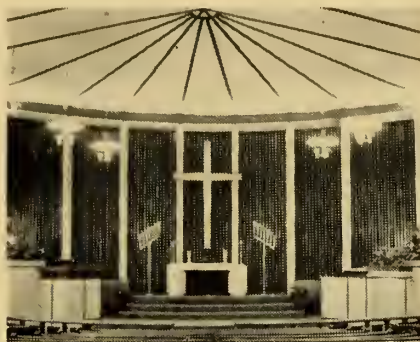
Dr. Ralph W. Sockman of Christ Church, New York City, has received an award for volunteer service to religious broadcasting from the Washington Area Council of Churches.

He has been pastor of the NBC *National Radio Pulpit* since 1928 and is appearing in the television series, *Man to Man*, for the National Council of Churches.

New Horizons



Troy Conference's Calvary Church in Schenectady, N. Y., was consecrated Nov. 24 by Bishop Newell. The entire property is valued at \$202,500, and the gift of the land by the conference represents one project in Troy's \$500,000 development program.



What can modernization do for a sanctuary? The congregation of Albany Street Church, Schenectady, knows it can make a startling transformation. Pictured left is the old-style sanctuary of Albany Street, right the modernized room. Improvements also have included an illuminated two-way corner sign on the street.



When completed, First Church, Passaic, N. J., will look like this. The modern structure will cost \$511,000. Interior sketches are featured in the December issue of Christian Herald.



Contemporary design also marks Memorial Church, White Plains, N. Y. Construction will begin in April on five acres at an estimated cost of \$1,100,000. Sanctuary will seat 525.

The cornerstone for the new Grace Church in Valley Stream, N. Y., was laid last month. District Superintendent Kenneth Grady termed it "not only the start of a beautiful building but also a source of service to the world." He told 1,000 parishioners that the pulpit must be "a sounding board for the voice of God."

- Galway, N. Y., Methodists will consecrate their new \$41,500 sanctuary, Dec. 15. It is the culmination of 10 years' hard work and planning. The 132-year-old congregation erected its original building in 1845 at a cost of only \$3,500.

- A new education unit is under way in Norwalk, Conn.

- When an addition to the Fort Hunter Church in Gloversville, N. Y., was proposed five years ago, only 10 members were in favor. It has now been completed at a cost of more than \$25,000 and the Rev. John Craig Richardson, pastor, reports that many persons who opposed the project are among the heaviest contributors this year. Of Fort Hunter's population of 300, 113 are members of The Methodist Church. Gifts of labor and materials totaled \$15,000.

- An educational wing recently completed at Commack, N. Y., is being rented weekdays to the public schools. One of the oldest Methodist churches in the country, Commack's sanctuary dates back to 1789.

- Bishop Newell consecrated a new education building Nov. 17 at Butler, N. J.

- Drew University will build two dormitories with the aid of a \$925,000 loan from the Housing and Home Finance Agency in Washington. Units for 104 men and 126 women are planned. They will be ready for occupancy in September, 1959.

- The Mount Kisco (N. Y.) Church is planning its first capital fund drive in 91 years for a two-story church-school addition.



The Nativity scene is depicted in various graphic ways. First Church, Rotterdam Junction, N. Y., places life-size figures with



live animals, provided by a farmer-member. Live figures stand with animals in First Church, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., crèche.

Make Anniversary News

A \$14,000 improvement program has been launched by the Cutchogue Church in preparation for its 100th anniversary.

- Memorial gifts of a new altar, completely furnished, and a new Hammond organ were dedicated at the 55th anniversary service in Tuxedo, N. Y.

- An unusual benediction closed the 70th anniversary service at Greene Avenue Church, Brooklyn—a recording of the final prayer delivered in 1948 by the late Rev. Paul Loescher following his farewell sermon.

- A clergy procession and sermon by the Rev. Lynn Harold Hough were featured at the 125th anniversary of St. Paul's Church, Hartsdale, N. Y.

Made Honorary Tennessean

Bishop Newell was made an honorary citizen of Tennessee while attending the Council of Bishops in Gatlinburg. The honor was conferred by Gov. Frank G. Clement, a Methodist.



Dr. Daniel Burke, Summit, N. J., American Bible Society president, shows the society's new poster, "Now in 1,100 Tongues," to Herbert Hoover, national sponsoring committee member of the Worldwide Bible Reading Program.

The Circuit Writer

Bishop Newell was spokesman for his colleagues and their wives at a memorial service for the late Mrs. W. Earl Ledden at the November meeting of the Council of Bishops in Gatlinburg, Tenn.

The Rev. John McComb of Asbury Church, Crestwood, represented the Yonkers Council of Churches at the triennial assembly of the National Council in St. Louis, Mo. McComb's congregation recently played host to 15 boys and girls from four continents.

The Rev. Allen E. Claxton of Broadway Temple-Washington Heights Church is in charge of registration for the National Methodist Convocation on Evangelism to be held July 3-6 in Washington, D. C.

Delanson, N. Y., stewardship canvassers are applying fund-raising techniques to the task of evangelism.

Another Delanson project is a WSCS baby-sitting service so that young mothers may attend a morning circle.

The religious drama group at the Church of St. Paul and St. Andrew, New York City, will present Sierra's dynamic play, *Holy Night*, Dec. 18-19. Professional actors will participate with the church choir.

A recent production by this drama group of Edwin Markham's *The Juggler of Touraine* drew wide attention with a combination of interpretive dance, choral recitation, and the use of an arena.

A gavel made from the first Communion table of St. Paul's Church, Middletown, N. Y., has been presented to the church by Mrs. John D. Schultz, daughter of Robert Lawrence, who received the gavel in 1907 after 19 years as church-school superintendent.

Willard H. Ward, trustee and finance commission member at Grace Church, St. Johnsbury, Vt., was recently awarded the Silver Beaver, one of Scouting's most coveted honors. For the last ten years he has been president of the St. Johnsbury Council of Churches.

Three Methodists are on the teaching

staff of the 45th annual session of the Central Manhattan School of Religion, a project of the Protestant Council of the City of New York. They are the Rev. Arthur Goodhand, associate minister of Christ Church; Miss Thelma Stouffer, religious education director at Broadway Temple-Washington Heights; and Mrs. Jane P. McGrath, New York Conference director of children's work.

George W. Bell, 91-year-old member of the Pleasantville, N. Y. church, was awarded an inscribed Bible by the local Christian Laymen's Council as outstanding churchman of the year.

Members of the Kings Highway, N. Y., Church school were November participants on the WNEW radio Bible quiz.

A communion service and breakfast for the women of the church was held recently in Hasbrouck Heights, N. J. The food was prepared by the men.

The chancel drama, *The Boy With a Cart*, was presented at Bethel Church, Staten Island, by the Pilgrim Players of Upper Montclair, N. J.

The first record album of Charles Wesley's hymns has been produced by the Protestant Radio and Television Center in Atlanta, Ga.

Twenty Methodists were among the 80 Protestant pastors of Atlanta who issued a Christian declaration on racial problems: "We believe that all Americans, whether black or white, have a right to the full privileges of American citizenship."

The Methodist Home for the Aged in Riverdale, New York City, is looking for a registered nurse. Anyone interested may communicate with the Area Public Relations office at 150 Fifth Avenue.

An Arts Week Festival, featuring paintings by prominent Vermont artists was held recently at Green Mountain College.

Methodist scholarships have been awarded to three New York East Conference young people: Mary Lou Hunter of Stratford, Conn.; Ann E. Phillips of Mamaroneck; and Clyde W. Brown of Middletown, Conn.



PRAYER FOR THE NEW YEAR

Once more the happy bells ring out,
Again the earth revolves:
The hour is come, the time is now,
For making high resolves.

Forgive us, Lord, for broken vows,
Wash clean the soiled slate
Of ugly thoughts and bitter words,
Of prejudice and hate.

Help us to build a better world,
Free from war's grim fear,
And sound the call to brotherhood,
Within the glad New Year.

—CHRISTINE WHITE

[illegible]

Saon to be featured, an eight page pictorial featuring "Motherhood in Art" as seen in California . . . at the Madonna Festival.



A large black and white photograph of a man in a hat standing next to a large windmill against a sunset sky. The man is in silhouette, wearing a wide-brimmed hat and a long coat. The windmill is a large, multi-bladed structure with a tall, lattice-like tower. The sky is a mix of orange, yellow, and blue, suggesting a sunset or sunrise. The overall mood is nostalgic and evocative.

Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families



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